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VERSE AND SPEECH IN *CORIOLANUS*

By HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER

I

In listening to *Coriolanus* we shall be conscious of the verse as a thing in itself only at certain intenser moments, which are thus—by one metrical device or another—emphasized and made memorable. For the rest it will impress us rather as powerful, rounded speech, resonant somewhat above the ordinary, and, in particular, borne forward by a most compelling rhythm. A change from verse to prose, even, we may chiefly remark as a change of temper, a lessening of emotional pressure, or merely a timely contrast.

Not for long now—by the measure of his swift development—has Shakespeare habitually dealt in 'set pieces' of verse, 'Queen Mab' speeches, pronouncements that 'All the world's a stage' or that 'The quality of mercy is not strained'; and, even when he did, they would seldom lack some direct dramatic sanction. Portia's, for instance, is legitimate forensic eloquence, and Jaques has been cast, in the Arden pastoral, for the part of moralizer-in-chief to the banished Duke. Again, the speeches of the two Henries upon sleeplessness, ceremony, and kingship may, in method, be more rhetorical than reflective, but they suit both character and occasion. A little later, Brutus' ordered soliloquies come as the due expression of an ordered mind, and Mark Antony's oratory is directed first to his Roman hearers, and only through them upon us, the audience; and let actor or audience forget this and its dramatic purpose is warped. Then, with *Hamlet*—and in *Hamlet*'s own speech particularly—we come within reach of a seeming spontaneity. Shakespeare allows him all possible scope of expression, both in prose and verse; and in the choice between them, and in the form and colour of the verse as well as in its content, his every mood, of contemplation, irony, or despair, will be sensitively reflected. It is, of course, only a 'seeming spontaneity'. People do not naturally speak verse,

be it but blank verse; and even in prose, and for the simple speech of citizen or peasant, Shakespeare never lapses into an *imitated* spontaneity, so to forfeit all the aids of form and accepted convention.¹

It is a consonant part—this reaching towards a seeming spontaneity—of Shakespeare's general development as a dramatist, and it necessarily tends to loosen and even break down the form of the verse. To begin with he is a poet writing plays—as Marlowe was, and Lyly—and his lengths of verse, often narrative or descriptive in their bent, will readily fall into regular form. And for long enough the form, a little eased or a little fortified, accommodates the direct expression of character and emotion very well, as, for instance, in the forthright Hotspur, less well for the subtler Richard II. It is when character and emotion gain complexity and extraordinary force that—as a stream in flood eats its banks away—the verse breaks bounds; then Shakespeare himself has developed from the poet writing plays into the true dramatic poet.

This is not a quibbling distinction, it indicates a very fertile difference. Incidentally, it over-rides the question of the medium used, prose or verse. *Macbeth* could have been written in prose without fundamental loss; it is poetically conceived. There is as much poetry in the prose of *As You Like It* as in its verse.² Convention and convenience, both to the dramatist and his actors, will commonly have recommended verse; but from the beginning Shakespeare seemingly tended to use whichever, that or prose, better suited his immediate purpose.³ Shylock's supreme outburst is in prose; there is dramatic value in the mere contrast with the mellifluous verse surrounding it. *Richard II*'s exceptional uniformity of verse remains unbroken, though we might look for prose in the short gardeners' scene. Bottom the Weaver and his friends demand prose, if only because they have a play to rehearse and perform. Its medium must not be their own, and it will go best in doggerel. But who that could write verse would not write it for the rest of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*? Prose suits Falstaff to perfection; and Beatrice and Benedick, Rosalind and Orlando, leave the verse of the plays they animate sounding dull by comparison. But, comedy yielding to tragedy, verse comes to its own again; since it can excite emotion and sustain illusion as prose cannot.

The verse must not, in its new won freedom, be let flow too freely, too

¹ An earlier instance of this 'seeming spontaneity' in verse can be found in the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*. Really, it sometimes seems as if Shakespeare must have had all the secrets of his art stored in him from the beginning, as if he had only to enlarge upon what he already knew.

² Without fundamental loss: for some proof of this see Maeterlinck's translation of *Macbeth*. And Dover Wilson discovers in *As You Like It* the fossils of a verse version, of which Shakespeare presumably thought better.

³ 'Convention and convenience.' Blank verse may well, with a little practice, prove easier to write than formal prose; it is certainly easier to learn.

slackly, or it will lose its power—as did so much of the verse of Shakespeare's immediate successors; and when Dryden and his school thought at last to come to the rescue the mischief had gone too far. With Shakespeare himself there will always be some recurrent check, in the shape of a line or a passage of stricter metre. Not mechanically inserted; if dramatic demand breaks the form of the verse, dramatic demand will also restore it. Hamlet is recalled from the overflowing emotion of

Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O, vengeance!

to the controlled thought of

About my brain, I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene . . .

And the firm rhythm of Othello's

Farewell the tranquil mind; farewell content
Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars . . .

or of his

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul!
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars . . .

—with other such counterbalancings to the succession of minor metrical liberties lodged (inconspicuously for the most part) in the general run of the verse—help to keep him heroically dominant over the commoner traffic of the play. The larger the liberties taken, the greater the need for this recurrent control. For drama is a disciplined art, hedged in by a hundred restrictions. It is akin to poetry and to verse in that, and the restrictions themselves are akin. And in the poetic play a loosening of the ties of verse only leaves it to depend the more upon a more essential order of character and idea, upon which—and not chiefly upon form—it must in fact be built. But this will be essentially poetic and dramatic too since it will deal with the metaphysical things with which poetry most properly deals, and with conflicts of the human will. Shakespeare evolves, then, for the major medium of his maturer plays, this enfranchised verse; a rhythmic and melodious speech, powerful and malleable at once. Of its form we shall often be but indefinitely aware; as much is kept as will keep the structure intact, now more, now less being needed. Little sense of artifice is left to intervene between us and the acted play; the medium grows transparent. Sacrificing none of them, he moulds his diversity of means into a unity of dramatic expression; and he lifts us—we have only to surrender—to the level of it.

Not much is to be gained—in appreciation, that is to say, of its living

qualities—by carrying such verse, cold and dead, to the dissecting table, there to demonstrate its spondees and dactyls, its over-run lines and feminine endings. Assuredly Shakespeare never planned it so; and, multiply rules as we may in trying to round his practice into some sort of system, the exceptions will outrun them. We do not think in terms of prosody at all of

I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips

noting, as we speak the lines, that the first has—rather surprisigly—the orthodox ten syllables; nor do we remember Lear's

Never, never, never, never, never!

as five successive trochees. Form and meaning are not to be separated.

But for all the freedom in the general run of the verse the later plays furnish us still with rhymed couplets enough, 'sentences', lengths of octosyllabics, and such like conventional forms. There is the difference, however, that these things now owe their place to some particular dramatic use that can be made of them—to clinch an argument, stress a desperate moment or clarify a reflective one.¹ And the use is overt; the effect made will stand out like a patch of bright colour, or, if the main speech-fabric hereabouts is already brightly coloured, of contrasting shade. Shakespeare never abandons a well-tried dramatic device; let it still serve his purpose, that is the only test.

One freedom opens up another. Individual expression besides, the verse may now be moulded to the character of particular scenes, or of the play itself. The fantastic rhyming of Edgar and the Fool, attuned to Lear's own lunacy, does much for the storm scenes in *King Lear*. The verse of *Othello* combines energy and colour and ease in a manner of its own. And contrast in colour and in rhythm generally is to be added to the others between *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus*. Imperial Rome and exotic Egypt and the searching minds and sweeping passions which inform them—the magnificent many-faceted verse of the one reflects these, even as concentration on a narrower strife finds fitting voice in the closer woven, more angular, lines of *Coriolanus*.

There is little in subject or characters to carry Shakespeare off his feet and set the verse of *Coriolanus* soaring. Egoism, rivalry, cunning, and pride (the more generous traits, making by comparison a poor show)

¹ And here, it may be added, at the very opening of *Coriolanus*, is a 'set piece', in the story of the Belly and the Members. But it is put to direct dramatic use. The picture of Menenius cajoling the assembled citizens, to be contrasted immediately after with Marcius' swift hard way with them—the two passages together serve as a sort of opening statement of this aspect of the play.

leave the radiant passages few, incidental usually and as likely as not to illuminate some minor figure.

Now the fair goddess Fortune
Fall deep in love with thee: and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

—the old warrior, himself outdone, but lavish in admiration of his heroically truculent young comrade; those few lines brighten the whole scene. And it is to be an anonymous messenger that is given the brilliant little

'Tis thought
That Marcius shall be Consul.
I've seen the dumb men throng to see him, and
The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers
Upon him as he passed: the nobles bended
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.¹

II

The verse in the main is vigorous, and it drives hard and exclusively at its dramatic purpose. The rhythm is apt to be of more import than the melody. The words are often unmusical in themselves, and they may be crushed into the lines like fuel to stoke a furnace. It is a cast of speech well fitting the reason-searching strife which pervades the play; and none in the canon is fuller of quarrel of one sort or another from beginning to end.

But if the verse—with nothing in the matter of it to stir the imagination—does not soar, neither does it ever sag. The play in this respect has not a single weak spot. One detects, in the frequent lack of clarity, a certain effort in the writing; but at least the effort is never shirked. The most patent instance comes, perhaps, in Aufidius' summary of his rival's failings:

Whether 'twas pride
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From th' casque to th' cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb

¹ It is evident, I think, that for the later plays Shakespeare had actors who could be relied upon to make good effect with these small but striking parts. There are several others in *Coriolanus*, some in *King Lear*, and a dozen or more in *Antony and Cleopatra*. They were doubled no doubt.

As he controlled the war; but one of these,
 As he hath spices of them all—not all,
 For I dare so far free him—made him feared,
 So hated and so banished . . .

—and so on, until the long succession of saving clauses is tied off in a complex aphorism.¹ If Shakespeare could not render down his thought into something clearer than this he might better, surely, have omitted the passage altogether. But no; Aufidius at this point, he feels, needs rationalizing, Coriolanus too. And if the idea involved will not distil and flow freely, it must just be wrung out. It cannot be omitted, and a flaw left in the fabric of thought.

Clarity yields to intensity. Witness Sicinius' malignly prescient

Doubt not
 The commoners for whom we stand, but they
 Upon their ancient malice will forget
 With the least cause these his new honours; which
 That he will give them make I as little question
 As he is proud to do 't.

Put on paper, the last part of this may not parse well. But in speech, if the speaker be skilful, the thoughts themselves can be related—the 'which' linked to the 'least cause', the 'proud' given its proper prominence—and the very lack of clarity be made to suggest their urgency.

Volumnia's disingenuous arguments, which send Marcius back to the market-place, are wound out smoothly:

If it be honour in your wars to seem
 That same you are not . . .
 now it lies you on to speak
 To the people; not by your own instruction,
 Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
 But with such words that are but roted in
 Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables
 Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
 Now this no more dishonours you at all . . .

—the verse cold, sustained, regular, unmelodious, fitted to the occasion and her temper, its sense aridly clear.

The man himself, if but a worse side of him, is alive both in the matter and manner of Marcius' beginning:

What's the matter, you dissentious rogues
 That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion
 Make yourselves scabs?

with its curt 'What's the matter?', its veritably physical repugnance for the

¹ There is corruption in the text of the closing lines. But its elucidating would still leave the passage as a whole far from clear.

'rogues' set in the ugly images which follow, these followed the next moment by

What would you have, you curs,
That like not peace nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
When he should find you lions, finds you hares,
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun.

with its banging about of contraries, like so many boxes on the ear; the scolding then carried on into the crowded, contemptuous

Hang 'em! They say!
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to rise,
Who thrives and who declines; side factions and give out
Conjectural marriages . . .

together with such tunelessness as is in 'hunger broke stone walls', 'horns o' the moon', 'insurrection's arguing'—suitably, not a line of clear melody or smooth rhythm.

Further than which—one may at this point note—in the shaping and attuning of his verse to the expression of *individual* character, Shakespeare, here or elsewhere, in this play or another, hardly goes. For there must be some prevailing unity of form, or a play would fall in pieces; so, whatever the liberty given to the verse, its ten-syllable, five-stress foundation is left (as we have seen already) solidly underlying it still. And characters, even at their most individual, are still only emergent from type; this is true of Hamlet, of Falstaff even, Rosalind or Beatrice. Coriolanus himself is a variation of the soldier-hero, Aufidius of a villainous rival, while Menenius fills—if overfills—the place of the worldly-wise old counsellor, and Volumnia traces a little less theatrical descent as Roman matron. And the scope and individual character of all dramatic speech, be this remembered, since it must be instantly understood, has its limits there.

Dialogue and action are made to interpret one the other with exact economy. We actually see, first the failure, then the exciting success of the attack on Corioles, the city's capture and its token sacking; and with this goes no more dialogue than is needed—a bare line or two might at a pinch be omitted—for illustration. Cominius in six lines—

Breathe you, my friends: well fought; we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands
Nor cowardly in retire; believe me, sirs,
We shall be charged again. Whiles we have struck
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends.

—is made to tell us what we need to know of his share in the battle and its further prospects, to paint us himself as general (just such a one as Marcius is not; the contrast striking), to tell us something besides of the lie of the battlefield, even of the weather! When Corioles has been taken, and Marcius is speeding Cominius' aid and the discomfiture of Aufidius, old Titus Lartius, with him his general's drummer and trumpeter, a scout also, distinguished by his light running gear, come from the inner to the outer stage, an officer and some more soldiers following:

So, let the ports be guarded; keep your duties
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding; if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town . . .
Hence, and shut your gates upon us.
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.

Seven lines of speech, together with the significance of the figures and their movement—away from the city: back into it; the closing of the gates—suffice for this taste of Roman caution and cool judgment in warfare. The contrast is to come this time in the next scene's furious duel between Marcius and Aufidius.

The verse in general is meaty and lean; it contains few images and is all but free of extended metaphor. Its quality of direct attack is a strength to the actor. As an instance:

Officious and not valiant; you have shamed me
In your condemned seconds.

—for Aufidius, left standing there while Marcius triumphantly pursues the unwelcome interlopers, the least wordiness would seem weakness; but that one spare sentence an actor can pack with spleen.

Marcius' magnanimity is given as direct and simple expression. The battle over:

I sometime lay here in Corioles
At a poor man's house; he used me kindly.
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner.
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelmed my pity. I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

It makes part—with the immediate weary-minded forgetting of the man's name; has he not the right to be weary!—of the upbuilding of his character, is a counterpart to that scornful rating of the commoners. And the verse accommodates this; as it does his joking response to the army's acclaim of him:

I will go wash;
And when my face is fair you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no.

as it will later his lovingly ironic reproof to his wife's tears of welcome:

Would'st thou have laughed had I come coffined home
That weep'st to see me triumph? . . .

Surely the very perfection of such simplicity!

The play contains little or no superfluous matter. With the civic struggle at full pitch, the effect to be made one of riot and confusion, each character, either chorus of senators and plebeians, contributes exactly to the scene's need.

Brutus.

Aediles, seize him.

Citizens. Yield, Marcius, yield!

Menenius.

Hear me one word;

Beseech you, Tribunes, hear me but a word.

Aediles.

Peace, Peace!

Menenius.

Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Brutus.

Sir, these cold ways,

That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Marcus.

No, I'll die here.

There's some among you have beheld me fighting:
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Menenius.

Down with that sword! Tribunes, withdraw awhile.

Brutus.

Lay hands upon him.

Menenius.

Help, Marcus! Help!

You that be noble, help him, young and old.

Citizens.

Down with him! Down with him!

[*In this mutiny the Tribunes, the Aediles and the People are beat in.*]

The passage is scored as it might be for an orchestra, each instrument given its task: Brutus' sharp order, reinforced by the Plebeians' shout; Menenius' half-heard remonstrance; the Aediles' command for the silence in which Menenius and Brutus exchange their acid arguments; this sharply broken again by Brutus. And no shout follows now; since Marcus, mute and motionless so far, suddenly draws his sword and challenges combat. Circumspect old Menenius presses peace on both parties. It is Brutus who is reckless and hounds on his outnumbering mob. Then, for Menenius, if it is to come to fighting, each must stand to his own side. And the fit few prove too much for the many.

III

Spare dialogue need not be poor dialogue. The little said can be made to suggest much left unsaid. Dramatic art matures to this. In the cruder sort of play the characters will often not be fully dramatized, the dramatist

himself to be heard speaking through them too plainly. But when they are, and their speech is authentically their own, then, by planning and a close collaboration with the actor, it can be brought to the expression of the implicit too, of those confusions of thought that trouble men, of feelings that never, in life, find words. The expression must be kept seemingly life-like, not translated into over-explicit—into explanatory—terms: this would falsify the effect of it. The art of the dramatist lies in the discovering of more covert means.

The dynamic phrase, into which the actor is to pack the effect of a cumulated mass of thought and feeling, is one means. Shakespeare early learned the use of it. When Romeo hears of Juliet's death:

Is it even so? Then I defy you, stars!

rhetoric will follow later; but nothing of such deep and suggestive feeling. Falstaff's

Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

is a line of the sort, with its comically generous divining of Master Shallow's feelings too. So, when he has watched Cressid dallying with Diomed, is Troilus' response to Ulysses' 'All's done, my lord', his grim 'It is'.

The dynamic phrase can be used in more ways than one. And there is purer tragedy in Macduff's cold

He has no children.

than in all his throbbing grief for his loss of them. Macbeth's own response to what once his servants would hardly have dared tell him:

The Queen, my lord, is dead.

is no more than a silence, to be followed—when that bitter emptiness, his loss of the very power to feel, has made itself felt—by the wearily impatient

She should have died hereafter:

There would have been a time for such a word . . .

and some detached reflections upon the meaninglessness of life. The effect—as of spiritual impotence—is not simply in these. To gain it, the underlying tragedy has been the play's length in development.

In a play, text apart from context may lose most of its meaning. The story itself, with Shakespeare, will run directly and openly along; there is no plot (the term will be misleading) to be spun and unravelled.¹ The play's structure is built up by the interlocking of character and event, and

¹ *Othello*, among the greater plays, really the single exception, nor fully an exception even so.

the opposition of character to character; this gives it body, balance and strength. In *Coriolanus* the main stresses are between Marcius and the Senate on the one side, the people on the other; this beside, between Marcius and Aufidius, Marcius and Volumnia, jolly Menenius and the four Tribunes. These are plain to be seen, and they implement the action. But there is much of auxiliary consequence as well, not set out at length or very explicitly, left latent, rather, for the actors to develop or elucidate in their acting.

The dramatist plans the essentials of this auxiliary action. Directions for it will be implicit in those passages of thrifty dialogue and their context; but only as realized and expanded will its full significance be made clear. When, for instance, in the play's first scene Marcius and Cominius and the Senators come together, their conduct to each other, the friendly yielding of precedence, Marcius' show of respect for the Consul and 'our best elders', his easy acceptance otherwise of his own heroic eminence, and (pointed omission telling too) the ignoring of the new Tribunes—twenty pregnant lines and their acting suffice to picture us men and party; and not even the anonymous among them are left lay figures.

So it is with the triumphal entry after the victory at Corioles. Action and speech are knit together, the one clarifying and enhancing the other. The shouts of welcome hushed, Marcius' look is turned—ours too again—to the women modestly withdrawn there; Roman mother and wife, the harsh Volumnia shaken by emotion, Virgilia happily weeping. Then he, Rome's hero, kneels dutifully to his mother, dries his wife's tears with words of gentle, magnanimously grave irony, frees himself from that mood with a joke for Menenius, his courteous bow to Valeria. More telling too will be this second ignoring of the Tribunes (on a third occasion, Marcius, confident of his Consulship, will openly voice his contempt for them). Again, it is a matter of thirty-five lines or less. Yet not only their own significance, their illustration and the interplay of the response they demand, bring every participant in the scene into helping to give it life.

Shakespeare has come to demanding more of his actors, and to giving them more—though it may be less ostensible—opportunity. He demands their imaginative collaboration, leaves much to their discretion, gives them outlines to colour in lightly or heavily. How large a part, for instance, does wine-flushed stubbornness play in Aufidius' repeated refusal to recognize the unmuffled Marcius, waiting by his hearth in Antium? The actor may decide. The text leaves him latitude and discretion, Shakespeare providing neither comment nor response to clinch the matter.

When Menenius returns with Volumnia and Virgilia from parting with the banished Marcius at the City gate, the strain now relaxed, the day lost, old age in him suddenly gives way; and against their vituperations he can

only set a 'Peace, peace! be not so loud', a 'Come, come; peace!'; and finally, the triumphant Tribunes departing, a

You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?

With no more to be done, there's left at least the comfort of a meal! The mere words given their surface meaning do little more than somewhat superfluously help the action on. But as bits of material to be used for filling out the figure of Menenius a skilful actor can put them to lively use. And that final consolatory bidding to supper then becomes also the better spring-board for the grim, indomitable

Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.

by which—its immediate effect besides—we shall be helped to keep Volumnia vividly in mind during her coming absence from the action.

The actor thus potentially collaborating, one scene can be made to feed others that follow and repeated expounding be avoided. Aufidius' back-sliding from Marcius as they march together upon Rome is fully set out in his talk with his lieutenant. After this merely his watchful presence through successive scenes will be eloquent, and the few cold phrases with which he breaks its silence need no enlarging: for example, his dry approbation of Marcius' rebuffing of Menenius with that

You keep a constant temper. . . .

his ironic sympathy for the son's breaking at last under the mother's pleading:

I was moved withal.

A moment later comes an aside as explicit as was the talk with the lieutenant:

I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.

and this keeps the trend of the action incontestably clear. But his open share in the two scenes, those two dry sentences (and one other) which positively do little more than emphasize his continuing presence, these an Aufidius can discreetly colour, can most effectively charge with the strange blend of hatred and admiration that we know possesses the man. Such acting it is that adds something of another dimension to the personified narrative of a play, a dimension of being.

A speech may have an auxiliary sense, to which the actor must give value by his own particular means. When Marcius has finally yielded

Rome's fate to Volumnia's plea he knows—and we are aware—that he has also put his own in Aufidius' hands. He turns to him:

Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less, or granted less, Aufidius?

The expressed resolve beside, in the mere repetitions of that 'Aufidius', as the actor can give them varying cadence, will sound all the pleading on his own behalf—it is little!—that Marcius' pride could ever let him make.

To hark back to his banishment: much of the preceding scene is but preparation for the promised self-control of the curt

I am content.

with which on his return to the market-place he answers the 'Tribunes' provocative demand:

If you submit you to the people's voices
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be proved upon you?

for the countering too, a little later, of a yet more insolently peremptory

Answer to us.

with the measured

Say then; 'tis true. I ought so.

Such effects of self-control can, it is obvious, only be convincingly made when the elements of something to control have already been as convincingly built into the character.

IV

Shakespeare has learnt to put silence to a variety of uses. Although, later in this same scene, intolerably stung by that 'traitor to the people', Marcius finally forswears his promised temperance, yet he stands rigidly silent while Sicinius

in the name o' the people
And in the power of us the Tribunes . . .

passes formal sentence of banishment upon him, while the people ratify it with a chorused

It shall be so.

Thus he multiplies many times—when anger finally does break bounds—the effect of his

You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate . . .

And there is the silence to which the unhappy Tribunes are reduced when, while Cominius and Menenius mock them, the news accumulates that this once banished Marcius is marching with the Volscians upon Rome—one meek

But is this true, sir?

from Brutus, put in to emphasize it. There is most particularly the

holds her by the hand, silent

Shakespeare's own direction, that rarity! It is no more than a simple gesture, with which Marcius accepts the doom his surrender to his mother brings on him; a mere silence, yet it is the culminating moment of the play.

In the vivifying of such silences, the imaginative use of the 'dynamic phrase' with its pent emotions, expressing things left latent, in the general demand now made upon the actor that he altogether assimilate himself to the character he is presenting, much is changed from the earlier illustrative declaiming of verse or prose. Yet Shakespeare's is, and remains through all changes, the drama of eloquence. And his art's chief achievement in this kind has been to turn eloquence for its own sake into a *relative* eloquence (so to call it) springing, seemingly spontaneously, from character-enlivening occasion; the poetic form not broken, set free rather to be as personal and malleable a medium of expression as may be.

V

The story of *Coriolanus* is pre-eminently one of public life; and throughout the play—from Menenius' persuasive tale of the Belly and the Members to Marcius' last desperate haranguing of his Volscian masters—scene after scene offers dramatically legitimate occasion for eloquence. There is much variety of occasion too, as of speaker and temper of speech; the mutiny of the citizens, so differently dealt with by Menenius and Marcius; the crisis on the battlefield, the thanks to Marcius for his great part in the victory, later the public address to him with its carefully sought phrases; the war of words between Marcius and the Tribunes; Volumnia's spitfire retorting on them, to find contrast later in her stern, measured defence of Rome; Marcius finally brought to bay, fatally unchanged—here are many sorts of eloquence validly provided for. But there will be—and as legitimately—more likeness than difference in the matter of it, and between the speakers. For Menenius, Cominius and the Tribunes, Marcius and his mother, even the Volscians and Aufidius look—if not always from one standpoint—all towards the same horizon. There is the difference, truly, that less bitterness goes to battling against Volscian neighbours without the gates than against enemy kindred within. And this likeness lends to the temper

of the verse a consistency which Marcius' own inevitable domination of it will but confirm, since there is little to be expressed in him that outranges the scope of the rest. And here again the close woven pattern of event and character, the internecine in the struggle, is an element of the tragedy.

There is nothing profound in Marcius, nor anything to set him inwardly apart from friend or foe, and all introspection is foreign to him. Of his two brief soliloquies, one is little more than an outburst of febrile ill-temper, a climax to his infatuate protest against donning the gown of humility and asking the citizens for their votes:

Better it is to die, better to starve
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here
To beg of Hob and Dick, that does appear,
Their needless vouchers . . . ?

and the exceptional succession of six rhymed couplets with their jangling iteration goes to painting this. The second is detached comment, hardly more. He is in Antium, the revolution within him already accomplished.

O world, thy slippery turns . . .

If we hear of no doubts or misgivings or struggles of conscience it is because there will have been none. Plunged in misery,

Longer to live most weary . . .

by a sudden 'slippery turn' he has become—so he supposes—another man:

My birthplace hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.

It is as simple as that. Of the workings of a troubled mind he knows no more than does a child. He is frank and direct with mother, wife, or friend, eloquent in anger. Of the inward Marcius we have passing glimpses only; in his thought for his one-time host in Corioles, for the widows his valour has left grieving there; in his respect for his mother, his chaste love for his wife; finally in the resigned realization of

Not of a woman's tenderness to be
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see . . .

its reflective cadence throwing it gently into relief against the stronger rhythm of the current speech.

[This article, which will form part of a volume of *Prefaces to Shakespeare*, to be published by Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd., was submitted to us by Mr. Granville-Barker some months before his death. The proof was sent to him but, owing to illness, he was unable to correct it. We must therefore be held responsible for any errors in transmission.—Ed. R.E.S.]

THE MEN IN BUCKRAM

BY A. J. A. WALDOCK

The critical problems of *Henry iv* are well-worn, but there is still, I think, matter of instruction in them.

I would suggest that nearly all these problems are referable to one underlying cause: the variability of texture in Shakespearean drama. A Shakespearean play does not necessarily stay precisely the same *kind* of play throughout every inch of its length. The essential fallacy, surely, in the approach of a Bradley was the assumption that any play of Shakespeare's is made of exactly the same stuff from beginning to end of it: that any given part of it can be pressed on, handled, pulled about in precisely the same way as any other part: that the tensile strength (so to say) of the dramatic material remains perfectly uniform from start to finish. But this does not always happen. We can move, in a Shakespearean play, between slightly different levels of reality—we can keep moving backwards and forwards between them—and all this without noticeable strain. Audiences adapt themselves to such shifts and fluctuations with the greatest ease: they realise instinctively what is going on: and so do readers when they are left to themselves. But in these selfsame shifts and fluctuations lie the possibilities of later trouble. When we stop and think, reflect and scrutinize, we are likely, of course, to be struck by difficulties that in a theatre, or in a quick reading, would hardly have been noticed, or would have caused us no very grave concern. It is in this way that Shakespearean problems are born—or a very great many of them.

Many of these problems may, I think, be dispelled—for it is a question rather of dispelling than of solving—by bringing to bear on them the principle just noted. We can fancy something in the process a little analogous to the methods and results of psychoanalysis. Let us face up squarely to the cause of a neurosis and it fades; let us realize the cause of some of these time-honoured Shakespearean problems (Falstaff's 'cowardice', Hal's 'priggishness') and, though the difficulties in a sense still remain, the 'problems' become unreal, not worth arguing about.

I doubt whether the full elucidatory value of this principle is even yet quite recognized. I do not think there is a major problem in the *Henry iv* plays to which it does not apply.

Consider, for example, the rejection of Falstaff and the worry that this event has caused. The worry is not unjustified; there is a reason for it.

But it is of little help to attack this question ethically, in the old way; or, by proving that Shakespeare was intending so-and-so, to demonstrate that our responses were meant to be so-and-so. It is easy to see what Shakespeare meant: the important question is what he did. If we study the nature of the problem that he himself faced here, and the technical devices by which he coped with it, we are led immediately, I think, to the source of the trouble; the cause of the worry is disclosed.

It arises, surely, from the fact that the *Henry IV* plays are not perfectly homogeneous. The plays have been proceeding on two different levels: the level of the upper-plot and the level of the under-plot. And these two plots have been differentiated not merely in locality, interest, action: they have been differentiated in *texture*. Essentially, in this one drama two different kinds of play have been going on, calling, on our part, for two quite perceptibly distinct mental attitudes. Where Falstaff, especially, is concerned it has meant that a whole set of moral responses which we customarily bring to bear—and which we bring to bear here in the other part of the play—is automatically swung out of action; a whole set of values is held in abeyance while we enjoy Falstaff. There is little use in saying that we both enjoy him and disapprove of him; the enjoyment is so intense that the disapproval (so long as we are responding naturally and not reflecting in afterthought) is and must be utterly ineffective.

Then, all of a sudden, after two whole plays of *not* judging, we are called on to judge. Shakespeare has done something, no doubt, to soften the jar: the shadier side of Falstaff has been more in evidence in Part II than in Part I; but all that he has been able to do will not really suffice. Falstaff is violently transported from one dramatic plane to another. Naturally we feel that there is an unfairness somewhere, though we are often a little puzzled to locate it. The root of the matter, surely, lies in this technical necessity of, at the end, joining two different and not perfectly compatible kinds of drama, and making them one kind. It is as if we had been listening, in alternation, to two melodies: the melody of the main-plot and the melody of the sub-plot; and they are in different keys. But the very last note of Falstaff's story is played, not in its own key, but in the other. The result is a sharp discord.

I turn for the present, however, to a slighter matter, but one where the issues are perfectly definite: the aftermath of Gad's Hill, and especially the passage in which Falstaff mounts the scale of the assailants in buckram suits—two, four, seven, nine, eleven—who set upon him. Falstaff enters damning all cowards; then after a little the narrative begins. There were a hundred upon poor four of them. At the Prince's protesting cry Falstaff makes a slight abatement: he alone took on a *dozen*, anyway. A moment later it is 'sixteen at least', as he and Gadshill compete in enumeration.

'Then come in the other', and if fifty, or two and three and fifty were not upon poor old Jack, he is no two-legged creature.

Then the narrative takes the turn that the audience have been waiting for: 'Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits'. The account continues (II, iv, 213):¹

Fal. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse.
Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point.
Four rogues in buckram let drive at me——

Prince. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of——

Prince. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken——

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

What is to be made of it? Does it mean that in some way Falstaff is 'in the know'? Is he conscious of what is happening as he climbs this impossible ladder of exaggeration—four, seven, nine, eleven? Is he in the joke, is he doing it deliberately, and has he winked at the audience or in some way contrived to let *them* know what is really going on? Most modern editors and critics still answer 'yes', to all these questions.

Professor Dover Wilson's view (arrived at after some hesitation) is that Falstaff must have been 'in the know' from the very start. That is, he really did (as he claims later) recognize his assailants at Gad's Hill. The present scene, therefore, is mere play-acting on his part from start to finish—he never expected to be believed—and Shakespeare intended at least the 'brighter sort' to gather as much from the dialogue and the stage-business, a 'secret understanding' being built up in this way between Falstaff and the audience.

I think that in this interpretation Professor Wilson is being a little

¹ The references are to *The Globe Shakespeare*.

disloyal to his own basic tenets. It is one of his principles (applied again and again to the great illumination of these very plays) that one must never lose sight of the actual conditions of theatrical performance. He has a half-sense himself that he is forsaking that principle here, but he sees no help for it.¹ The 'arithmetical progression' of those numbers is too much to swallow: it is simply impossible to think that Falstaff at this point still expected to be believed; and nothing seems left, therefore, but to conclude that he had been laughing at the Prince and Poins, 'behind his hand', from the very outset of the scene.

This interpretation has to face, not one or two difficulties, but a whole cluster of them. First as to 'theatre', and the natural, obvious impressions of the scene. Professor Wilson himself, though he feels he must conclude that this is what Shakespeare was driving at, confesses that only 'the judicious' had much chance of taking such a meaning; the duller members of the audience would have continued in the belief that Falstaff was (so to say) in earnest, that he really was trying to 'put over' his story. Think, then, what we have. Poins and the Prince are laughing at Falstaff; he, secretly, is laughing at them; nine-tenths of the audience (the 'barren' sort) believe with the Prince and Poins that the joke is on Falstaff; the other tenth know that it isn't and are themselves laughing *outright* at the Prince and Poins (because *their* legs are being pulled) and *secretly* at the rest of the audience (because *theirs* are being pulled too). And Shakespeare must have known as well as anyone that it would turn out this way. Can we really believe that he planned the scene on such terms?

Second: there is a remark of Falstaff's at the very end of the passage that is surely of significance in this connexion (II, iv, 310):

Prince. Content: and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

What does this mean? Does it not mean that if Falstaff ever blushed he was blushing now, that he was feeling just the least bit silly, that in short he really had been found out, and knew it? What point would there be in such a reply, with its deprecatory air, if Falstaff had had the laugh on them all along? Professor Wilson brushes it aside with the comment—in which for once, it seems to me, he out-Bradleys Bradley—that it shows Falstaff 'humouring' the Prince.²

And there are many other things that such an interpretation renders pointless. The Prince asks Bardolph how Falstaff's sword came to be so hacked, and poor Bardolph lets him into the secret. Falstaff hacked it himself and got the others to tickle their noses with speargrass so that they

¹ See *The Fortunes of Falstaff*, 1944, p. 52.

² *Op cit.*, p. 56.

might bloody their clothes. Are we to understand that Falstaff insisted on this degree of realism and circumstantiality, though he knew perfectly well all the time that they were not going to be believed? This would have been going one better than the actor in Dickens who blacked his body all over every time he played Othello. It will be recollected, again, that it is a long time before the Prince and Poins cease teasing Falstaff about the 'instinct' that made him run away, a long time before they stop pulling his leg about his having known them as well as the Lord that made them. *They*, at all events, never drop to the truth of the matter—never to the very end of the plays.

Professor Kittredge¹ has a slightly different theory: he compromises. He cannot bring himself to believe that Falstaff was aware of the facts from the very beginning; but equally he cannot believe that Falstaff remained unaware of them to the very end. At a certain point in the dialogue, he thinks—he is even prepared to indicate the exact spot—Falstaff 'caught on': became suspicious, and then became quite sure, that the Prince had played him a trick. At this he changed his tactics, began to burlesque his own style, to exaggerate as a counter-measure—for the mere fun of it, and also to provide himself with a good reply if presently (as now he was pretty sure would happen) he were taxed. Kittredge thinks that Falstaff's suspicions turned into certainties at about the line 'Ay, ay, he said four'.

Professor Wilson's retort to this is that it is treating the drama as if it were a novel. I think it is, though much the same complaint could be brought against Professor Wilson's own view. It is not true, perhaps, to say absolutely that Kittredge's reading could not be conveyed: in principle, an actor could convey such a meaning, no doubt. But one is at least justified in wondering whether, in all the circumstances of the scene, he could convey it. As for the text as it stands, it gives, of course, no indication—not the slightest—that at this or that point Falstaff 'caught on'.

But we still have the difficulty of the 'arithmetical progression'. That passage, indeed, is the real difficulty: if it were not there, there would be no talk of Falstaff's having recognized the Prince, there would be no argument about the scene at all. The mounting numbers are the crux. Could Falstaff have expected still to be believed—could he have remained unconscious of the absurdity of what he was saying—*there*?

The answer is: no—if this were happening in real life; but because it is happening in a play, and because a Shakespearean play can be of variable texture—yes.

The logic of the passage, I would suggest, is as follows. It has an obvious psychological basis in the heightenings, the embellishments, the

¹ *1 Henry IV*, ed. by G. L. Kittredge, 1940.

improvings, the pilings-on of one who is telling a sensational and highly successful yarn. I need not labour this point, or the equally obvious one that Falstaff's self-contradictions here quite outdo anything in nature. In real life—or by the conventions of even a moderately realistic play—the 'arithmetical progression' would be more than improbable, it would be impossible. Very well: for the moment or two required Shakespeare changes the conventions, and then a second or two later changes them back again. (This, of course, is merely the critical interpretation of what went on. I do not mean for a moment to suggest that Shakespeare thought of what he was doing in this light—he was too expert at the game to have to think about such a trifle as this at all; or that audiences while they are watching such a scene say to themselves: 'Ah, a change of convention!' They respond instinctively.) The scene rises at this point to a climax of what is nothing less than vaudeville; that is its quality just here. Just for these few moments the realistic conventions drop away: we make a quick readjustment of attitude (all, of course, quite instinctively and unconsciously): we accept the scene as the ultimate burlesque, the *reductio ad absurdum* of the sort of exaggeration that is a familiar part of our daily experience. This, at least, is what we should do—not asking *how* Falstaff could have expected to be believed (as the editor of the new Variorum text asks); knowing perfectly well that—if the play were still continuing on a realistic basis—he could never have expected it; but *granting*, for the fun, that he *does* expect it.

The implication is that Falstaff, while he is going up the scale of those numbers, steps slightly out of rôle; and that, as I see it, is so. He is, for the moment, a more abstract Falstaff, a Falstaff whose identity has been merged, just for these few instants, with that of a typical vaudeville comedian. It is all over so quickly that there is little chance of real disturbance under the actual conditions of the theatre, or of rapid, natural reading. If the passage had lasted much longer there *would* have been a chance of real disturbance; the audience would have felt a strangeness coming over the scene. We are, that is to say, near the limit of tolerance—for audiences; far beyond it, needless to say, for critics, or for leisurely, probing, inquisitive readers; for it is precisely the extremity of the variation here from the normal texture of the underplot that is behind the endless puzzlement over the passage and debate upon it.

The process I have described is not subtle or unusual or in any way extraordinary; it may be observed in film-comedies any day of the week. In these the variations of texture can be of the wildest, yet audiences accept the variations with the greatest ease. Such a comedy will often begin on what is to all appearances a normal, fairly realistic basis, and for a while the humour may be on that level, quite credible and life-like. But if such

a comedy is featuring a comedian whose specialty is rollicking farce then the audience know perfectly well that the realism is but temporary. Presently the tempo will liven, the quality of the fun will grow more and more extravagant, until we reach (it may be) the plane of sheer vaudeville. On this plane the comedy may continue for half an hour—all its central stretch. Then the fun may subside somewhat, we may begin a descent of the planes again. Presently (the conventions, as it were, gradually changing back) we find ourselves on the level of ordinary, credible comedy on which we began. (This is not an imaginary picture. I jot down the scheme, in fact, from the general drift of such a comedy seen only the other day. Readers may test the matter for themselves.)

I am not suggesting that such comedies are good art, any more than I suggest that the particular variation in question in *Henry IV* is good art, though it furnishes an effective enough climax. In itself, however, the passage is not nearly as funny as the comedy that surrounds it; it is cruder, thinner. And in our studies, poring over the play, we feel this comparative thinness and crudity, and set about attempting to enrich the texture of the passage at the same time as we are removing its incredibility. I merely make the point that these variations of texture—or mountings and descendings of planes within the action—are commonplaces of popular comedy, and probably always have been; and that the Falstaffian comedy, so much richer in its characteristic veins, is capable, within fairly strict limits, of similar variations; and that it is such a variation here, and nothing else, that has caused all the difficulty and the bother.

I add one further note. The attitude of the Prince and Poins throughout the whole scene is obviously of the greatest importance. From start to finish of it they give the audience the cues. They tell the audience, in the first place, what to expect. The jest is to consist in the 'incomprehensible lies' that the fat rogue will tell, and in the refuting of them: 'lies', be it noted, not just (in Professor Wilson's phrase) 'a feast of braggadocio'¹; they are looking for more than that. The audience, in short, are given a plain 'tip' to look forward to the confounding of Falstaff. And they are not disappointed: he *is* confounded, utterly. But even while the confounding is in process—while the Prince delivers the true tale—he is pulling himself together. The Prince's speech is a fairly long one—ample time for Falstaff; by the end of it he is ready. Out he comes with the most magnificent lie of all, the superlative fabrication that by its very unexpected outrageousness brings down the house and sets all the audience laughing *with* him again: 'By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye'.

Again, in the crucial passage itself the attitude of the Prince and Poins is, I think, decisive. They, of course, never suspect that Falstaff is not

¹ *Op cit.*, p. 55.

contradicting himself in all innocence. They are careful not to bring him to a complete halt, they nudge one another, they wink, perhaps, at the audience ('Ay, and mark thee too, Jack'). At all events there is surely not an atom of doubt that it is *they* and the audience who are in league just here, not the audience and Falstaff. In any scene of this type, that is the natural, almost the inevitable situation, the audience taking their lead from those on the stage who are busy drawing out the comedian. If they do not respond in this way it will only be because of some absolutely decisive prompting. Is there really room for such prompting here? Falstaff has begun in a tone of indignation ('A plague of all cowards', 'A King's son', and so on) and he keeps it up. He is acting the part of one who wants to be believed, and there is no indication that he diverges from the part. In the 'arithmetical progression' piece itself Falstaff's *tone* does not alter: 'Four, Hal; I told thee four' (wagging an admonitory finger); 'In buckram?' (the fatuous, earnest, distinction-drawing tone, as if to say: 'Mind, I'm talking about the *buckram* ones now: don't get confused'); 'Dost thou hear me, Hal?' (he will permit no slackness of attention). To my mind, at least, the fun is spoiled if we imagine that somewhere hereabouts he relaxed his attitude, began to show that he was enjoying his own performance, started to share the joke with the audience. But more than that. If we take the tone of each remark as it comes (in the way I have just clumsily tried to do) I do not think that we *can* imagine his relaxing; the two attitudes are not really compatible.

I need hardly add that unless Falstaff's enjoyment of his joke is manifest to someone—if not to the Prince and Poins, then at least to the audience—it does not exist. To say that he is enjoying his joke secretly is to say something that does not make dramatic sense.¹

¹ Since the foregoing was written I have had an opportunity of hearing some details of the recent presentation in London of the *Henry* plays by the Lawrence Olivier company. It is interesting (though not surprising) to learn that Mr. Ralph Richardson as Falstaff took the 'arithmetical progression' passage easily in his stride, and that at this point there was not the slightest suggestion of collusion between Falstaff and the audience.

Miss Sheila G. Mackay (whom I commissioned to observe for me) writes: 'Falstaff (Ralph Richardson) doesn't recognise the Prince and Poins at the hold-up. Later, telling the tale, he plays it straight—he makes as good a story as he can get away with. He doesn't know that the Prince and Poins know. He probably forgets (what with his own imagination and the interruptions) his latest exaggeration. It is a genuine shock when they challenge him. "Is not the truth the truth?" says he. He almost believes it. And when he is asked, "What trick, what device", etc. he doesn't answer pat. Richardson paused a long time for Falstaff to come out of his imaginary rôle (seeing himself fighting 4-7-11 men in buckram suits) and think up some excuse for himself. Falstaff almost has to slough off this rôle, then think, before saying, "By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye".'

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE 'SENECAL MAN' CHAPMAN'S *BUSSY D'AMBOIS* AND SOME PRECURSORS

BY MICHAEL HIGGINS

The revival of Stoicism¹ at the time of the Renaissance can be ascribed to a variety of causes. From early times Christianity and Stoicism had encountered one another in the domain of moral practice; and this contact found expression in constant attempts to adapt the ancient philosophy to the dogmas and precepts of the Church. The reverence felt by sixteenth-century poets and scholars for classical antiquity gave added attraction to the study and analysis of Roman Stoicism. Religious controversialists, while recognizing the danger of heresy inherent in any secular revival of Stoicism were equally anxious to prove that Seneca was also a pedagogue to bring men to Christ². At a deeper level the Stoic revival of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was a symptom of a general dissolution of established beliefs and institutions. This atmosphere of chaos, of moral and intellectual disintegration, is reflected in the tragedies of the Jacobean era. The situation was one closely resembling the break-down of Roman religious beliefs and institutions which had favoured the original growth of Stoicism, when the attempt had been made to frame a philosophy of practical use, at once consolatory and rational. The Jacobean revival of a Stoicism largely independent of orthodox or reformed religion provided a background of contemporary interest to the studies of Stoic psychology contained in the plays of Marston, Shakespeare, Chapman, and Tourneur. Jacobean men, feeling a despair at the wickedness and apparent chaos of the external world, inevitably tended to conceive life as a struggle to suppress or conquer all that does not depend on the individual soul. Thus Stoicism became an integral part of the moral and intellectual individualism of Renaissance Man. It is this spiritual identity with the heroes of classical antiquity which is reflected for us in the dramatic convention of the Stoic Hero.

The ancestry of the philosopher-hero of the Jacobeans can be traced to the Roman tragedies of Seneca, which are an important source and inspiration for sixteenth- and seventeenth-century tragedy.³ The frequent use of

¹ Cf. L. Zantás, *La Renaissance du Stoïcisme au XVII^e siècle*.

² E.g., Calvin in his *Institutions* freely quotes from Stoic philosophers, especially Seneca, Cicero, and Epictetus.

³ Cf. Mr. T. S. Eliot's *Elizabethan Essays*, 'Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca', his Preface to *Newton's Seneca*; and J. W. Cunliffe's *Influence of Seneca on Elizabethan Tragedy*.

the convention bears dramatic witness to contemporary interest in the spectacle of 'the mind's constant and unconquered empire, unbroken, unaltered with any most insolent and tyrannous affliction'. It is true that the Jacobean hero is often more consciously stoical than his Roman ancestor. Yet Seneca's heroes can also show that 'cheerful eye upon the face of death' which Tourneur describes as 'the true countenance of a noble mind'.¹ Phaedra and Jocasta, each dying by her own hand, express invincible resolution, and a supreme indifference to the last accident of death. Astyanax and Polyxena meet death as those to whom 'life is no commodity'.² Octavia, Cassandra, Electra, and Antigone exhibit unwavering constancy in adversity. Œdipus and Hercules prefer death to shame. Theseus and Thyestes welcome death 'as princes do some great ambassador'. Nor is this contempt of mortality confined to the virtuous. Ægisthus is not less resolute before the last mystery than young Mortimer; and the cowardly and treacherous Jason dies with a fortitude as desperate as that displayed by Richard III, Macbeth and Edmund. The death of the hero is a valuable dramatic situation for writers in the popular Senecan tradition, and Stoic language, vigorous and crude with Kyd, majestic and poetical in Chapman, is at times placed in the lips of dying heroes³ in plays not otherwise of a specifically Stoic cast.

From these beginnings are developed the integrated studies of character and psychology which reveal in vivid dramatic form large tracts of contemporary thought and emotion. The convention of the Stoic Hero is made a means of expressing varying Renaissance concepts of politics, philosophy and religion. The religious humanists who substituted for the Christian Terence the dramatic ideal of tragedies composed on the Senecan model were particularly attracted to the conception of the Hero of constancy and suffering. Jewish history was diligently searched for men and women who would serve as dramatic examples of Senecan constancy and Christian piety. It was natural that religious sentiment, particularly the austere Calvinistic variety with its remembered experience of repression and persecution, should adjust itself easily to the temper and spirit of high tragedy.

¹ *The Atheist's Tragedy*, v, ii.

² The bug which you would fright me with I seek,
To me life can be no commodity.
(*Winter's Tale*, III, ii, 93-4.)

³ Cf. Hieronimo's

What lesser libertie can Kings afford
Then harmeles silence?
(*The Spanish Tragedy*, IV, 179-80.)

and Bussy's dying speeches:

Here like a Roman statue I will stand
Till death hath made me marble.
(*Bussy D'Ambois*, v, iv, 97-8.)

On the subject of endurance in suffering and of the need for constancy in the elect, Protestant humanists spoke with authority, and the Stoic tradition continued to provide substance and form to religious imaginative conceptions during the latter part of the sixteenth century. From Beza's translation of *Abraham Sacraficiant*¹ in the archaic language of scripture to the Greek dramatic idiom of *Samson Agonistes*, this theme of Stoic suffering in the face of adversity has been associated with Calvinistic tradition. Thus the Senecan hero became identified with the Christian hero, a symbol of the religious and moral aspirations of the humanists who created the type. In subsequent handlings of the convention by Marston, Chapman and Tourneur, it continues to retain a symbolic significance, though naturally the religious and moral aspiration, and the political and philosophical thought, vary greatly in character and quality.

Among religious humanists who experimented with a Christian tragedy framed on orthodox Senecan principles George Buchanan is the most representative figure.² His *Jephthes*,³ written at Bordeaux in 1540/43 and printed in 1554, inaugurates the new school of dramatic writing. Like his predecessors who had created the Christian Terence,⁴ Buchanan wanted to use the drama to express his theological and political convictions. While these are more fully stated in the *Baptistes* they are not excluded from his treatment of the moral and emotional themes in *Jephthes*. The creation of a 'Sacred Seneca' naturally led to a concentration on the man 'justus et tenax' who can be represented through five acts of Latin argument, with occasional elegiac relief, as holding fast to that which is good and eschewing that which is evil. Buchanan fills his plays with the strenuous atmosphere of religious and political controversy. Nevertheless he seeks to represent the mystery of divine action in human affairs and to celebrate the triumph of human constancy. These effects are achieved with a quiet economy and emotional reticence not at all in the manner of Seneca. In *Iphis*⁵ Buchanan gives to modern European tragedy its first heroine; and when he can rise above the crude logic of his morality or the primitive religious fears of his theme he is able to show a heroine as true as Cordelia.⁶ The story of this play is that told in *Judges* of Jephtha's rash vow to sacrifice to the God of Israel the first whom he should meet on his return from victory. *Iphis* meets him, his own daughter, and this is the tragic

¹ Printed in 1556, translated by Golding in 1575, published in 1577.

² G. Buchanan, b. 1506, d. 1582.

³ The theme was also handled by John Christopherson in his Greek Tragedy *Ἰεφθάς*, for an account of which see F. S. Boas's *University Drama in the Tudor Age*.

⁴ Cf. C. H. Herford's *Studies in the literary relations of England and Germany in the sixteenth century* for an account of the genesis and development of the Christian Terence.

⁵ The daughter of Jephthes.

⁶ A faith in the moral strength of the 'untried girl' Buchanan had received from direct reading of Euripides, two of whose tragedies he had translated.

situation round which Buchanan builds his tragedy. To an audience able to accept the primitive religious and ethical background the story is one calculated to stir up the tragic emotions of pity and terror. The religious lesson is the need for obedience to the divine will, and a portion of this spirit of moral tenacity and Stoic constancy falls not upon the central figure of Jephtha, but on the daughter whose strong faith is content to accept the lot in store for her. The human situation, Buchanan asserts in both these plays, can be redeemed only by the courage and constancy with which we must accept the divine chastisement.

Jephthes is a drama of conflict. In it piety slays natural love: it is more-over a drama of predestination. The similarity of pagan Stoicism and primitive Hebraic ethics is everywhere suggested; no Christian sentiment is allowed to temper the harsh inconstancy of Fortune, or to soften the picture of the jealous gods who inflict suffering in the midst of men's good fortune.

Baptistes states in dramatic terms the conception of the hero confronting an adverse destiny. John is the man 'whose advanced valour is like a spirit, raised without a circle'. The Baptist is often¹ called on to fill the role of the courageous heretic whose simplicity of faith and intense spirituality are contrasted with a corrupt ecclesiastical traditionalism and with the tyranny of contemporary monarchy. It is in Buchanan and Milton, kindred spirits, that we see most clearly all the elements of which sixteenth- and seventeenth-century poetic Stoicism is composed: anti-tyrannic republicanism, polemical Calvinism blended with Stoic ethics; the profound religious conviction of election, of distinction from the common herd, and the sense of persecution and of isolation which attends it. Buchanan's spare and strenuous habit of thought recalls Milton's frequent contrast of a 'fugitive and cloistered virtue' with the 'heroic magnitude of mind and celestial vigour' which constitute for both poets the authentic qualities of the Hero.

O how comely it is and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd,
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressour,
The brute and boisterous force of violent men
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous and all such as honour Truth:
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats

¹ Cf. Jacob Schoepper's *Ectrachelisitis, sive Johannes Decollatus*, 1564, Nicholas Grimald's *Archipropheta* 1547, and J. Bale's *Preaching of John the Baptist in the Wilderness*.

With plain Heroic magnitude of mind
 And celestial vigour arm'd . . .
 . . . But patience is more oft the exercise
 Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
 Making them each his own deliverer
 And victor over all
 That tyrannie or Fortune can inflict.¹

But 'neo-Stoicism' was too widespread to be confined in literature to a purely sectarian tradition such as Calvinism. The language of Stoicism, and themes and situations derived from it, soon began to invade popular drama. As we should expect, these Stoic sentiments and Stoic situations are frequently used to give a Roman colouring to plays which reconstruct classical history and manners. By translating the academic classical dramas of Garnier, Thomas Kyd, the father of the popular English Senecan tradition, had learnt the Stoic fashion. He drew upon the stock of classical and current philosophical ideas in order to create psychological types of vivid human interest and significance.² It is this unusual power to convert intellectual concepts to popular use which gives the author of *The Spanish Tragedy* his position of influence in the English dramatic tradition. But Hieronimo, the Revenger of *The Spanish Tragedy*, is by no means a consistent study of the Stoic. Like Marston's Antonio he can rave and go mad in the most abandoned traditions of the Elizabethan stage. Nevertheless his death is that of the Senecan hero:

What lesser libertie can kings afford
 Then harmeless silence? Then afford it me.
 Sufficeth, that I may not nor I will not tell thee,
 And on threat of Fortune,
 Indeed thou mayest torment me, as his wretched sonne
 Hath done in murdering my Horatio.
 But never shall thou force me to reveal
 The thing which I have vowed inviolate.³

Naturally Kyd's representation in popular drama of 'the undaunted heart that is required in extremities' oversteps the bounds of classical decorum. Hieronimo's Stoicism is carried to the length of biting out his tongue, in order to preserve his secret.⁴ From these crude beginnings the genius of Marston, Chapman, and Tourneur evolve the Stoic philosopher-hero, who

¹ *Samson Agonistes*, ll. 1263 ff.

² Lorenzo of *The Spanish Tragedy* is the Machiavel, supreme type of human evil for subsequent dramatists; though Kyd never uses the term Machiavel the spirit of his conception is derived from the *Contre-machiavel* of Gentillet (pub. 1576 and translated into English by Patericke the following year, though this translation was not published till 1602).

³ *The Spanish Tragedy*, iv, iv, 179 ff.

⁴ Probably derived from Lyly's *Euphues*: 'Zeno bicause he woulde not be enforced to reveale any thing against his will by torments, bit of his tongue and spit it in the face of the tyrant' (ed. E. Arber, p. 146).

represents positive virtue for the Jacobeans as Gentillet's Machiavel represents for them positive evil.

Chapman¹ experimented with Stoic situations and psychology in *The Gentleman Usher*,² a conventional Romantic comedy. Strozza, a loyal and generous-hearted courtier, has in his thought a vein of classical republicanism.

A virtuous man is subject to no prince
But to his soul and honour: which are laws
That carry fire and sword within themselves.³

Into this comedy of mirth and dignified sentiment is introduced a tragic situation. Strozza is shot full in the left side with a forked shaft which has penetrated the rib. Wounded and faint with anguish he assumes the attitude familiar from *Hercules Furens*, asserting the Stoic belief in the propriety of suicide:

Manliest reason, then,
Resolve and rid me of this brutish life,
Hasten the cowardly, protracted cure
Of all diseases. King of physicians, Death,
I'll dig thee from this mine of misery.⁴

But Strozza's wife is no pagan but a Christian:

You must force
A counter-mine of fortitude, more deep
Than this poor mine of pains, to blow him up,
And spite of him, live victor, though subdued;
Patience in torment is a valour more
Than ever crowned th' Alcmenean conqueror.⁵

It is a baptized Stoicism which she offers him, no longer a logical pantheism which admits man's right to dismiss his own soul, but a doctrine of 'Christian patience', wherewith to salve 'pagan sin'. In due course Strozza is rewarded with complete recovery, thus proving

What a most sacred medicine Patience is,
That with the high thirst of our souls' clear fire
Exhausts corporeal humour and all pain.⁶

¹ The sources and development of Chapman's Stoicism have been the subject of detailed analysis and study: cf. F. S. Boas's edition of *Bussy D'Ambois*, T. M. Parrott's edition of *Chapman's Plays*, two articles by H. S. Ferguson in *M.L.R.* Jan. 1918, July 1920, and the excellent studies of Chapman's graeco-latin sources in F. L. Schoell's *Etudes sur l'Humanisme Continentale en Angleterre* . . . 1926.

² The date is uncertain; it was probably 1602.

³ *The Gentleman Usher*, v, iv, 59-61.

⁴ *Ibid.*, iv, i, 43 ff.

⁵ *Ibid.*, iv, i, 52 ff.

⁶ *Ibid.*, v, ii, 10 ff.

Stoicism is thus the link which binds together men so diverse in temperament and dramatic setting as Strozza, Bussy D'Ambois, and Clermont D'Ambois. Each of these in turn, the ideal of romantic *noblesse*, the embodiment of Renaissance individualism and 'virtue' and the patient philosopher-avenger, illustrates the central truth that the virtuous man is to himself a 'law rational'. In these studies of the ideal man of Stoic philosophy the poet attempts to give a credible dramatic form to the one-sided Stoic vision of human perfectibility. If Bussy is the most successful of this group it is because he is the least Stoic of them all, the one in whom the warm blood of Renaissance individualism runs most strongly. Bussy is the last of a race of giants in the tradition of Marlowe's single-soul studies. Like them, he is a man of unbounded passion and will, compact of every virtue of Renaissance humanism. Lacking the reverent acceptance of fate of Clermont D'Ambois, Bussy is the embodiment of Stoic moral energy, set on by the king to cleanse the Court as Hercules cleansed the earth for Jupiter.¹ There is much in his composition that the ancients would have repudiated. The uncontrolled violence of his character, everything in him that smacks of earthly bondage, his desire for temporal power and his sensualism, all these things are at war with the hard simplicity and austerity of Stoicism.

Bussy is the 'man of spirit beyond the reach of fear',² whose personality is drawn with all the dreamy splendour of Chapman's majestic verse:

His great heart will not down, 'tis like the sea,
That partly by his own internal heat,
Partly the stars daily and nightly motion,
Their heat and light, and partly of the place,
The divers frames, but chiefly by the moon,
Bristled with surges, never will be won
(No, not when the hearts of all those powers are burst)
To make retreat into his settled home
Till he be crowned with his own quiet foam.³

In creating Bussy Chapman has remembered the ancient kinship of poetry with philosophy and has made more of him than the passionate Frenchman of the Renaissance, Seigneur de Bussy,⁴ far more than the 'miles gloriosus', 'the ass, stalking in the lion's case, [who] bare himself like a lion, braying all the huger beasts out of the forest',⁵ with that assumption of bravery and 'virtue' of which Bussy is accused by his jealous enemies. If Bussy is not

¹ *Bussy D'Ambois*, III, ii, 1-7.

² *Ibid.*, I, i, 46.

³ *Ibid.*, I, ii, 172 ff.

⁴ Cf. André Joubert, *Louis de Clermont, Sieur de Bussy D'Ambois*.

⁵ *Bussy D'Ambois*, I, ii, 201.

the orthodox Stoic type, his passion and high emotions are sustained by a noble faith in Man

Who to himself is law, no law doth need,
Offends no law, and is a King indeed.¹

This idealistic faith in the possibilities of humanity is derived from Stoicism,² and is made a philosophic basis for developing along new lines the doctrine of individualism. The limits of the picture are the strict social conventions of contemporary courtly society. The theme of the play is the one so often and variously handled by Chapman and Shakespeare: the struggle of a strongly marked and vigorous individuality with its hostile and contrary environment. The Hero 'contra mundum' (whether it is Bussy, or Clermont, or Chabot or another) is Chapman's conception of the tragic conflict. Bussy's virtue, composed of valour and wisdom and freedom—freedom, that is, from other men's wills—is at war with the politic world which is forever striving to curb his personality and to destroy his individuality. Bussy's faith is in the power of virtue:

We must to virtue for her guide resort
Or we shall shipwreck in our safest port.³

In the sweeping movement of his large epical manner Chapman presents the self-reliant hero pitting himself against a hostile world and against adverse fates. The substance of the play is philosophic, not erotic; Tamyra is but a part of the external march of events, of stirring incidents whereby Chapman imparts an air of activity and movement to what is essentially a drama of intellect and reflection.

It is in the finely written, if at times incoherent, poetry of the last scenes of *Bussy D'Ambois* that the Stoic character of the hero is most fully revealed. The death of the Hero is the most suitable occasion for a dramatic representation of Stoic virtue and courage: there was ample precedent for such treatment in the Christian Senecan plays, and indeed in the Roman plays of Seneca himself. It is from the latter source that Chapman draws much of his inspiration, often in the form of direct translations from *Hercules Furens*.⁴ The struggle of the individual with his environment ends, as it always must, with the coming of Death 'to summon resignation

¹ *Bussy D'Ambois*, II, ii, 203-4.

² The later Stoics had debated the possibility of their ideal of complete wisdom ever being realized in humanity. While the Stoic philosophy is the most obvious example of a refusal to compromise with life, many Roman Stoics were sceptical about the existence of the Wise Man. The mood of confidence which the Renaissance created made the seventeenth-century Stoics more sure of realizing the ancient ideal in active life; hence Chapman's series of 'Senecal' men.

³ *Bussy D'Ambois*, I, i, 32-3.

⁴ F. S. Boas was the first to point out the sources of the dying speeches of Bussy in his edition of the two *Bussy* plays.

of life's fort'. It is with this tragic truth dominating his mind that Chapman permits his two villains, Monsieur and the Guise, to shed their original characters as Machiaevellian schemers, and to form a philosophic chorus predicting the approaching doom of Bussy:

Here will be one
Young, learned, valiant, virtuous and full mann'd.
One on whom Nature spent so rich a hand,
That with an ominous eye she wept to see¹
So much consum'd her virtuous treasury.

And Tamyra joins in this traditional lament of the chorus over the fate of the dying hero:

Man is a tree that hath no top in cares
No root in comforts: all his power to live
Is given to no end, but t'have power to grieve.²

Bussy then, is to die a Senecan death:

I am up and ready:
Let in my politic visitants, let them in,
Though entering like so many moving armours
Fate is more strong than arms, and sly than treason,
And I at all parts buckled in my fate.³

To Chapman Stoicism was a necessary element in the character of the 'complete man'. It is this philosophic addition which in Chapman's eyes makes his 'Senecal man', Clermont D'Ambois, so much more noble and worthy of praise than that study of spiritual disintegration, Hamlet. Bussy, too, dies in the grand Renaissance manner:

Is my body then
But penetrable flesh? and must my mind
Follow my blood: Can my divine part add
No aid to th' earthly in extremity?⁴

If the fact of death must be admitted, the Hero will face death in the imperial manner, like Vespasian:

I am up:
Here like a Roman statue I will stand
Till death hath made me marble.⁵

In *Bussy D'Ambois* Chapman creates in the manner of epical tragedy a figure larger than those of life. Bussy is a symbolic representation of Renaissance aspiration: he has none of the characteristic Stoic virtue of

¹ *Bussy D'Ambois*, v, ii, 32 ff.

² *Ibid.*, v, iv, 12 ff.

³ *Ibid.*, v, iv, 36 ff.

⁴ *Ibid.* v, iv, 78 ff.

⁵ *Ibid.*, v, iv, 96 ff.

patience which we can witness exercising a very powerful, if at times imperfect, check upon the high emotional exuberance of sixteenth-century man. Nor is the Stoic self-control a noticeable element in his character. None the less, the heroic isolation of Bussy, the embodiment of virtue doing battle against the strong powers of evil and chaos, and the language put into his dying lips, show clearly enough the Stoic origins of the central conception, Chapman's first attempt to depict the Hero

Whose strength, while virtue was her mate,
Might have subdued the earth.

SOME INFLUENCES IN CRASHAW'S POEM 'ON A PRAYER BOOKE SENT TO MRS. M. R.'

BY A. F. ALLISON

Crashaw's poem was published with the above title in the 1646 edition of *Steps to the Temple*¹ and republished in 1648, with the addition of six lines and minor textual alterations, under the title 'AN ODE WHICH WAS Praefixed to a Prayer-book given to a young GENTLE-WOMAN'. It appeared again in *Carmen Deo Nostro*, 1652, with few alterations, either in title or text, from the 1648 version. It was written comparatively early when Crashaw was still an Anglican. A manuscript version survives (B.M. Add. MS. 34692), giving the title as 'Verses: Vpon the Book of Common Prayer', and subscribed 'R. Crashaw Coll: Petren:'. Crashaw left Peterhouse in 1643 and he became a Roman Catholic probably in 1645.

This poem has an important place in Crashaw's religious development. Between 1640 and 1645 his mind and art were profoundly affected by the mystical writings of St. Teresa, to whom three of his later poems are addressed: 'The Flaming Heart', which appeared in 1648 and again, with the addition of 24 lines, in 1652; 'In memory of the Vertuous and Learned Lady Madre de Teresa', and 'An Apologie for the precedent Hymne', both published in 1646 and republished, with alterations in title, in 1648 and 1652. These three poems are influenced both by St. Teresa's autobiography and by her account of the mystical life in *The Interior Castle*. With them must be associated the sixteen lines entitled 'A Song of divine Love', first published in 1648, which are inspired by VI Mansions of *The Interior Castle*, and 'On a prayer booke sent to Mrs. M. R.', the poem under discussion, which is Crashaw's most successful description of the mystical progress of the soul.

The mystical life as described by St. Teresa falls into three stages.² The first is Purgation, in which the faculties of mind and body are constantly active in the struggle against evil inclination, and in which, by self-mortification, meditation, and prayer, the soul is brought to the threshold of the second stage, Illumination. From the annihilation of self, for the dying to nature, rises a new life of union with God. Preparation for the

¹ Quotations from Crashaw are from the 1646 version except where otherwise stated.

² These three stages, Purgation, Illumination, Union, are not so named by St. Teresa herself, nor do her writings show any formal or literary divisions to correspond to them. They represent rather the results of an analysis of the mystical experience to which her works are so eloquent a testimony, made by the mystical theologians of the Church.

divine union is a purification of the affective powers of the heart and will which, in its initial stage, is accomplished by the ordinary means of grace without any direct intervention of divine power. With the beginning of Illumination the part played by the soul is at first mainly passive: the bonds attaching it to the discursive intellect and the senses are loosed and it has an immediate awareness of God's presence and action within itself. The characteristics of Illumination are an intellectual enlightenment by which the soul comprehends truth in a manner unknown to the discursive reason and an intense spiritual anguish in which the work of purgation, already begun by the will, is completed by the action of God. The third stage is Union, in which the soul, emerging from its state of probation and still in the midst of severe suffering, knows itself to be united to God by a perfect conformity of the will. In this stage suffering is eventually resolved. The annihilation of self has led to the re-creation of self in God.

Lines 1-58 of 'On a prayer booke' describe the stage of Purgation. The main features of St. Teresa's account are easily recognizable. The soul is imagined as a castle whose armoury is prayer and whose defence against the powers of evil requires constant vigilance.

But o', the heart
That studies this high art,
Must bee a sure house keeper,
And yet no sleeper.

('On a prayer booke', ll. 29-32.)

She who aspires to become the bride of God himself . . .
must not leave off and go to sleep.¹

(*Interior Castle*, v, iv, 10.)

As sanctity increases so the soul's afflictions grow less bearable:

Deare soule bee strong,
Mercy will come ere long . . .

('On a prayer booke', ll. 33-4.)

. . . there is no other remedy in such a tempest except to wait for the mercy of God.

(*Interior Castle*, vi, i, 20.)

Dead to the world, the soul must withdraw into itself. If it yields to the fascinations with which the Devil clothes his wiles, it is lost:

But if the noble Bridegrome when hee comes
Shall find the wandring heart from home,
Leaving her chast abode,
To gad abroad

('On a prayer booke', ll. 41-5.)

¹ Quotations from St. Teresa, in this paper, are from the translation of *El Castillo Interior* made by the Benedictines of Stanbrook, 1906.

Doubtles some other heart
 Will git the start,
 And stepping in before,
 Will take possession of the sacred store
 Of hidden sweets, and holy joyes . . .

(*'On a prayer booke'*, ll. 54-8.)

Reason convinced the soul that as outside its interior castle are found neither peace nor security, it should cease to seek another home abroad, its own being full of riches that it can enjoy at will.

(*Interior Castle*, II, i, 10.)

Should it [the soul] grow neglectful and set its affections on anything but our Lord, it will forfeit everything.

(*Ibid.*, v, iv, 2.)

The active purgation of the soul, although it forms a necessary part of mystical theology, is not exclusive to it. Non-mystical religion recognizes the need of asceticism in one form or another, and medieval insistence on sin and the satisfaction due for sin, which is reflected at every stage of its culture, survived in the Anglican thought of the seventeenth century. Contrary to popular belief, the religion of English seventeenth-century poetry was largely non-mystical in character. It was primarily ascetic; and its asceticism coincided with the disintegration of an aesthetic ideal. It used the remnants of Elizabethan poetic diction to clothe the Devil's wiles and the false glitter of the world. The language of the heart and eyes, of the falsely fair beguiling glance, dear to the Elizabethan imitators of Petrarch, became part of the stock-in-trade of religious poetry.

In ll. 1-58 of *'On a prayer booke'* Crashaw is as much indebted to the English seventeenth-century tradition as he is to St. Teresa. His manner resembles that of *'TO THE SAME PARTY COVNCEL CONCERNING HER CHOISE'* which follows the earlier poem in the 1648 edition of *Steps to the Temple*. Both poems are written in praise of the contemplative life and in both the treasures of divine love are contrasted with the vanity of earthly affection. The meretricious appeal of the world is described in imagery adapted from the poetic language of the sixteenth century already hardened, since the appearance of Herbert's *The Temple* in 1633, into a new convention. Crashaw's admiration for Herbert is well-known and verbal similarities between the two poets are sometimes very marked:

CRASHAW:

..... this lower spear¹
 Of froth & bubbles. . .

(*'To the same party'*, ll. 8-9.)

..... Oathes of water, words of wind. . .

(*Ibid.*, l. 17.)

¹ Quotations from *'To the same party'* are from the 1648 version.

Illustrious flyes,
 Gilded dunghills. . . .

(*Ibid.*, ll. 13-14.)

Amongst the gay mates of the god of flyes. . . .

('On a prayer booke', l. 45.)

To dance in the Sunneshine of some smiling
 but beguiling

Spheare of sweet, and sugred lies. . . .

(*Ibid.*, ll. 48-50.)

HERBERT:

The stormie working soul spits lies and froth. . . .¹

('The Church Porch', l. 76.)

Thy diet, care, and cost

Do end in bubbles, balls of winde. . . .

('Evensong', ll. 13-14.)

. for the fly

That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby. . . .

('The Church Porch', ll. 233-4.)

I surname them *gilded clay*. . . .

('Frailtie', l. 5.)

The merrie world did on a day
 With his train-bands and mates agree
 To meet together, where I lay. . . .

('The Quip', ll. 1-3.)

. like summer friends,

Flyes of estates and sunne-shine. . . .

('The Answer', ll. 4-5.)

. this world of sugred lies. . . .

('The Rose', l. 2.)

Lines 58-74 of 'On a prayer booke' are in Crashaw's maturest style. There is little similarity here to the language of Herbert.

. . . hidden sweets, and holy joyes,
 Words which are not heard with eares,
 (These tumultuous shops of noise)
 Effectuall whispers whose still voyce,
 The soule it selfe more feeles then heares.

¹ Quotations from Herbert are from the 1633 edition of *The Temple*.

Amorous Languishments, Luminous trances,
 Sights which are not seen with eyes,
 Spirituall and soule peircing glances.
 Whose pure and subtle lightning, flies
 Home to the heart, and setts the house on fire;
 And melts it downe in sweet desire. . . .
 Delicious deaths, soft exhalations
 Of soule; deare, and divine annihilations.

(*'On a prayer booke'*, ll. 58-68; ll. 71-2.)

Much of this language has its origin in *The Interior Castle*:

. . . nothing is seen in this prayer that can be called sight.

(*Interior Castle*, vi, i, 1.)

The Spouse increases the soul's longing for him by devices so delicate that the soul itself cannot discern them . . . These desires are delicate and subtle impulses springing from the inmost depths of the soul.

(*Ibid.*, vi, ii, 1.)

[God] appears to increase the spark . . . in the interior of the spirit until it entirely ignites the soul which rises with a new life.

(*Ibid.*, vi, iv, 3.)

With the transition from Purgation to Illumination the symbols of life and death acquire a reversed significance. When the soul begins to receive the divine infusion it becomes aware that the consummation of its joy can be achieved only through death. Death becomes the apotheosis of life. Life is an agony of frustration. But *life* and *death* are not to be understood literally. St. Teresa, in a passage that Crashaw must certainly have known, describing the Prayer of Union, is explicit as to their symbolic significance:

[The soul] has died entirely to this world to live more truly than ever in God. This is a delicious death, for the soul is deprived of the faculties it exercised while in the body. . . .

(*Interior Castle*, v, i, 3.)

M. de Rougemont, in his study of the *Tristan* myth, (in *L'Amour et l'Occident*, 1939) traced the inverted life-death symbolism of Western mysticism to the influence, through medieval romance, of the troubadour poetry of twelfth-century Provence. The heresy of the Cathars, with its central doctrine of the inherent evil of creation and of the divine spark of the soul, imprisoned within this outer darkness, craving for the light with a longing which can be satisfied only by death, was deliberately disguised by the troubadours in the literary conventions of *l'amour courtois*. The conventions were absorbed into the main stream of western tradition

and, by a curious irony, the religion which had stigmatized as evil the world and, particularly, the flesh moulded the form of romantic passion as it was to appear in later art and literature. Romantic love between the sexes arose as a purely literary convention. It was essentially the reverse of sexual, for it encouraged not the gratification but the obstruction of desire, and its ecstasy was the ecstasy of suffering with its final fruition in death. It is unnecessary to consider here the manifold variations of this theme in romantic literature; but it is significant of the disastrous realities beneath its fictitious splendour that every attempt to realize its transports in actual life ends in tragedy.

In the mysticism of the West the language of passion was borrowed back from the secular tradition. Of its very nature it might have been designed for the description of the state of suffering in which the soul, passing through the valley of the shadow of death, feels within itself the radiance of the light invisible. As God's action increases within the soul, suffering becomes more intense until it is resolved in the bliss of Union. The ecstasy of suffering is described by St. Teresa in VI Mansions of *The Interior Castle*. Her language is restrained. She is conscious of the limitations of her metaphor.

It [the soul] is conscious of having received a delicious wound but cannot discover how, nor who gave it, yet recognizes it as a most precious grace and hopes the hurt will never heal.

(*Interior Castle*, VI, ii, 2.)

. . . this suffering seems to pierce the very heart, and when he who wounded it draws out the dart he seems to draw the heart out too, so deep is the love it feels.

(*Interior Castle*, VI, ii, 5.)

The sensation is so delightful that the spirit lingers in the pain produced by its contact . . . the pain is delicious and is not really pain at all.

(*Interior Castle*, VI, ii, 6.)

The soul makes amorous complaints to its Bridegroom, even uttering them aloud; nor can it control itself, knowing that though he is present he will not manifest himself so that it may enjoy him. This causes a pain, keen although sweet and delicious, from which the soul could not escape even if it wished; but it never desires.

(*Interior Castle*, VI, ii, 3.)

There can be no doubt that in passages such as these Crashaw found one of the strongest emotional impulses of his life. The voluptuousness of his maturest verse might be analyzed into the artistic refinement of the language of passion. The 'Teresa' poems are dominated by it—passion,

the acme of desire to which even the joys of Union are subordinated in the agonized suspension of the Wound of Love.

O how oft shalt thou complaine
Of a sweet and subtile paine?
Of intollerable joyes?
Of a death in which who dyes
Loves his death, and dyes againe,
And would for ever so be slaine!
And lives and dyes, and knowes not why
To live, but that he still may dy.
(‘In memory of the Vertuous and Learned Lady Madre
de Teresa’, ll. 97-104.)

In ‘On a prayer booke’ the gradations of the mystical life are more carefully observed than in the ‘Teresa’ poems and the theme which was to become an obsession with Crashaw is here subordinated to the development of his thought. As suffering is resolved in the later stages of Union, the language of passion is followed by the imagery of a love which has the bliss and tranquillity of fulfilment and the satisfaction of natural desire. St. Teresa is acutely conscious of the inadequacy of human language to express what she has experienced: her account of the Spiritual Betrothal and the Spiritual Marriage in which she borrows from the *Song of Songs* is too restrained to provide Crashaw with the material for a magnificent peroration. He seeks his imagery elsewhere.

By a happy chance which preserved the remains of a lost Hebrew love-poetry in the canon of the Old Testament the words of the bridal song acquired from early times a symbolic significance. The language of the *Song of Songs*, a pæan of sensuous beauty for the intensification of delight, was adopted, through the liturgy, into the tradition of Western mysticism. No such happy chance befell the love-poetry of classical inheritance. Although the erotic imagery of the *Song* was related to that of Catullus’ nuptial odes by a common ancestry of folk-ritual and nature-myth, Christian piety separated the sheep from the goats. The Shulamite, by good fortune, was honoured as a symbol: the beauty of Aphrodite was associated with the lusts of the heathen. The tradition of classical love-poetry survived, but it was a slender thread that linked Catullus with *Carmina Burana*.

The Baroque Culture of sixteenth-century Italy and of those countries which came under Italian influence reveals for the first time any very deliberate and extensive fusion of Christian and classical art. Nowhere is that fusion more remarkable than in Crashaw, in whose verse may be seen a twofold extension of human experience, the development of the mystical life on the one hand, and, on the other, an increasing preoccupation with

the sensuous. His spirituality found expression in a sensuous eclecticism which he inherited from the Renaissance, a delight in the rare and the beautiful, and a love of classical imagery. Religion would have been a mockery for him had he not seen in God an apocalypse of the beauty of the world.

In his description of the Spiritual Nuptials ('On a prayer booke,' ll. 81-117) Crashaw introduces into the floral setting of the *Song of Songs* a sequence of images taken from the most notoriously licentious verses of the contemporary poet, Thomas Carew. Carew's 'A Rapture' was first printed in the earliest collection of his works published in 1640, the year after his death. Although the manuscript had no doubt been previously circulated in private, it is unlikely that Crashaw, in his monastic seclusion at Cambridge, was acquainted with the poem before that date; and that Crashaw is borrowing from Carew and not *vice versa* is evident from a study of the text. The first similarity occurs in the description of Illumination, of which Crashaw's line:

Amorous Languishments, Luminous trances

('On a prayer booke', l. 63.)

is only a slight variation of Carew's:

... soules entranc'd in amorous languishment¹

('A Rapture', l. 52.)

But, with this one exception, the close parallels occur in the description of Union, in which the logical order and fluent sequence of Carew's Spenserian imagery is broken up by Crashaw in an incoherent *O altitudo*. Carew, describing the rapture of physical love, has the following passage:

Then, as the empty Bee, that lately bore
Into the common treasure, all her *store*,
Flies 'bout the painted field with nimble *wing*,
Deflowering the *fresh* virgins of the *Spring*.
So will I *rifle* all the *sweets*, that dwell
In my *delicious Paradise*, and *swell*
My bagge with honey, drawne forth by the *power*
Of fervent *kisses*, from each *spicie* flower.

('A Rapture', ll. 55-62.)

Almost every significant word in this passage is reproduced in ll. 81-117 of 'On a prayer booke':

... this hidden *store*—

(l. 81.)

His precious *sweets*—

(l. 88.)

¹ Quotations from Carew are from the first edition, 1640. Italics in ll. 55-62 of 'A Rapture', as in the subsequent lines from Crashaw, are the present writer's.

With *winged* vowes— (l. 95.)

. . . . his immortall *kisses*— (l. 97.)

All *fresh* and fragrant as hee rises— (l. 102.)

A *delicious* dew of *spices*— (l. 104.)

..... shee shall tast
At once, ten thousand *paradises*
Shee shall have *power*,
To *rifle* and *deflower*,
The rich and roseall *spring* of those rare *sweets*,
Which with a *swelling* bosome there shee meets—

(ll. 106-11.)

In ll. 93-6 of 'On a prayer booke' the soul in the ecstasy of bliss is referred to thus:

Who ere shee bee,
Whose early Love
With winged vowes,
Makes haste to meet her morning spowse—

What is the significance in these lines of the epithets *early* and *morning*? They appear to have no precise reference to the context, and the casual reader might justifiably pass them over as vague expletives; but comparison with 'A Rapture' ll. 131-4 makes it clear that they are in fact an isolated and insufficiently explained allusion to the myth of Daphne as transposed by Carew:

Daphne hath broke her barke, and that swift foot,
Which th' angry Gods had fastned with a root
To the fixt earth, doth now unfetter'd run,
To meet th' embraces of the youthfull Sun:

('A Rapture', ll. 131-34.)

If MS. B.M. Add. 34692 indicates that the poem was written before Crashaw left Peterhouse in 1643, the internal evidence of his borrowings from Carew makes it unlikely that it was written before 1640. For so early a work it shows a remarkable maturity. As an expression of mystical experience it is more complete than any of the later poems which were influenced by St. Teresa; and, in its attempt to find a metaphor for conceptions before which even she was silent, it explored the sensuous possibilities of language more thoroughly than much of the love-poetry of the Renaissance.

SHENSTONE'S MISCELLANY

By IAN A. GORDON

I

That William Shenstone was intimately connected with the selection, the editing and the publication of material for two of the most significant anthologies of the eighteenth century, Dodsley's *Collection of Poems* and Percy's *Reliques*, is now a matter of common knowledge, and a fair amount has been discovered in recent years on the part he played in both collections.¹ The recent editions of his letters have put his contribution beyond all doubt. As the editor of one of those editions says: 'A certain amount of discussion took place after William Shenstone's death concerning the small amount of credit he received for the part he had in *The Reliques*. This part the letters in this volume shows to be considerable.'² It is clear that from about 1750 Shenstone was virtually an editor of *Dodsley*, vols. iv, v and vi, supplying verses by himself and many of his circle—Lady Luxborough, Graves, Whistler, Percy, and others; and from early in 1758, when he wrote to Percy, 'You pique my curiosity extremely by the mention of that ancient Manuscript',³ he was almost a second editor of the famous document that was the basis of the *Reliques*, amending texts, adding verses, offering counsel and criticism. Shenstone as an arbiter of taste (in poetry as well as in landscape gardening) was a figure of real importance for his period.

What, however, is not common knowledge is the existence of a manuscript of which I recently published a brief (but somewhat inaccessible) description.⁴ This is a notebook of about 250 pages entirely in Shenstone's own hand, compiled between 1759 and 1763, containing the text of over ninety poems which he intended to publish as a Miscellany from the press of his friend and neighbour Baskerville. The Miscellany was never published. Shenstone died in 1763 before he could complete the project and the manuscript 'disappeared'. Dodsley, who published the *Works* (1764-9) of his friend and collaborator, either knew nothing of it or had no

¹ Cf. Ralph Straus, *Robert Dodsley*, London, 1910; W. P. Courtney, *Dodsley's Collection of Poetry, its contents and contributors*, London, 1910; L. F. Powell, 'Percy's *Reliques*', *The Library*, 1928, pp. 133-7; I. L. Churchill, 'Shenstone's Share in Percy's *Reliques*', *P.M.L.A.*, 1936; L. Dennis, 'Thomas Percy, Antiquarian vs. Man of Taste', *P.M.L.A.*, 1942, pp. 140 ff. Hans Hecht, 'Thomas Percy and William Shenstone', *Quellen und Forschungen*, 1909. This list is representative, not exhaustive.

² *The Letters of William Shenstone*, ed. Marjorie Williams, Oxford, 1939, p. 391, n. 1.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 478. Dated 4 January 1758.

⁴ *Turnbull Library Record*, Wellington, New Zealand, January 1941.

access to it. Certainly he made no attempt to publish, although he had carefully gone through Shenstone's poems and essays and letters for the posthumous edition. He probably never knew that the notebook had found its way into the crammed shelves of Thomas Percy, from which it passed through the hands of various owners, and finally, a few years ago, turned up in New Zealand. I am preparing an edition of the Miscellany, but in the meantime the following detailed description will not merely help to clear up some of the puzzles that still remain in his letters, but should also provide fresh evidence of the tastes and abilities of this eighteenth-century *arbiter elegantiarum*.

II

The earliest reference I find to a notebook anthology of verses occurs on 16 February 1750-1. Writing to Graves with a request for Whistler's verses he says:

My reigning toy at present is a pocket-book; and I glory as much in furnishing it with verses of my acquaintance, as others would with bank-bills.¹

Unless this letter was misdated by Dodsley (who first published it)² this must refer to an earlier notebook than the Miscellany, which is dated by Shenstone himself on the title-page 1759. Grainger (author of *The Sugar Cane*) wrote of it to Percy on 10 January 1759, though he obviously knew nothing of the contents:

I presume his Miscellany is to consist wholly of his own things. I long to see it.³

On 6 January 1759 Shenstone wrote to Richard Jago:

I could wish that you would favour me with a copy of your Essay on Electricity, and with any new copy of verses of your own, or of your friends.—Be not apprehensive: there shall nothing appear in print of your composition any more, without your explicit consent.—And yet I have thoughts of amusing myself with the publication of a small Miscellany from neighbour Baskerville's press, if I can save myself harmless as to expense—I purpose it no larger than a 'Lanadown's', a 'Philips's' or a 'Pomfret's Poems'.⁴

Jago must have replied fairly promptly, for his 'Peytoe's Ghost' is the fifth poem to be transcribed into the Miscellany.

The ninety odd poems in the Miscellany were transcribed at various dates between the early months of 1759 and the month of Shenstone's

¹ *Letters*, p. 294.

² *Works of William Shenstone*, vol. III, p. 205.

³ Grainger to Percy: printed in Nichols' *Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century*, vol. VII, p. 269.

⁴ *Letters*, p. 503.

death, February 1763. The terminal date is provided by a characteristic note near the end of the notebook in the hand of Thomas Percy:

The lines on the preceeding Page were written a very few days before poor Mr. Shenstone's Death, and even after he began to droop; as appears from the Traces of the Letters, not so fair or legible as his usual writing. Being published in London, only 25th January, it could hardly reach Shenstone before the 27th and he died on the 11th February, 1763. P.

Between these upper and lower dates many of the transcriptions can be pretty accurately dated by reference to Shenstone's letters. The immediate fate of the Miscellany after the death of its collector can be determined from a letter, which is bound up with the early pages, addressed to Percy by John Scott Hylton of Lappal House:

Mr. Hylton's compliments wait upon Mr. Percy, hopes he receiv'd his letter of the 19th or 20th Instant, and that the herewith inclosed M.S. vol: of Poems will come safe to his Hands—Mr. Percy will observe that the pages 29-30-31-32-89 and 90 are torn out; probably by design, as containing peices which Mr. S: might think proper to reject, upon a subsequent perusal. Mr. Hylton had no opportunity of sending the Book till last week, else it would have not been deferred till This—

Lappall House,
26th June, 1763.

The Miscellany thereupon passed into the possession of Percy, who made no move to publish it, though he may well have known his friend's intention. As Shenstone had included in his Miscellany a selection of the ballads which were to see the light in 1765 as the *Reliques*, Percy may have felt himself under no obligation to encourage another (and less complete) collection. But he did not ignore the volume. On the contrary, he went through it with great care, annotating Shenstone's versions of the ballads and adding explanatory notes on contemporary verses, in particular annotating the nine poems of his own which were in the collection, several of which I believe have not yet appeared in print.

In 1780 Percy's library was burnt. The Miscellany's charred edges, and texts often defective at the ends of lines, are sufficiently eloquent. The notebook was rebound, even to the extent of binding in the original endpapers, on the first of which he wrote:

This precious <word erased> of my poor friend Shenstone was thus piteously burnt in the fire which consumed my Library at Northumbd. House in 1780. P.

After Percy's death in 1811 the manuscript passed to his daughter, Mrs. Meade, and remained in the possession of the family throughout most of

the nineteenth century. It is probably lot 66 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue of 29 April 1884:

Percy (Bp. T.). Selection of old and modern Poetry, Autograph MS. transcribed from various sources, evidently intended for publication.⁴¹⁰

Whether or not this identification is correct, the manuscript is next heard of as in the possession of J. G. Godwin, Librarian to Lord Bute at Cardiff Castle. In the article on Richard Graves (author of *Recollections . . . of the late William Shenstone*, 1788) which W. P. Courtney contributed to the *D.N.B.* in 1890, it is referred to thus:

Mr. Godwin possesses a manuscript collection of poems transcribed and corrected from original sources by Shenstone, which afterwards belonged to Bishop Percy. It includes numerous verses by Graves.

Godwin had an excellent collection of first editions of Graves, and the Shenstone Miscellany was part of it—apparently because of the poems of Graves which it contained. In 1916 the whole collection was in the hands of Maggs, the London booksellers, who had bought the volumes at Sotheby's on 9 February at the sale of the library of Robert Drane of Cardiff. Presumably Drane had acquired the Miscellany with the Graves collection on Godwin's death in 1896. Maggs then offered the collection to a New Zealand book-collector, A. H. Turnbull of Wellington.¹ Turnbull's fine collection was bequeathed to the people of New Zealand in 1918 and with it Godwin's collection of Graves's first editions and the Miscellany, which had been enclosed in a binding case by Maggs with the title on the spine: 'Shenstone's M.S. Collections'. Neither Turnbull nor the later library authorities² attempted any further identification.

III

The volume is leather-bound and measures about $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4$ inches. It contains 258 pages and the pages of text are numbered by Shenstone 1-241. Several sheets have been removed as Hylton's letter indicates. Preceding the title page are a couple of sheets originally left blank on to which has been copied an ornate inscription on Shenstone and a note by Percy suggesting its authorship ('I conjecture it to have been written by Miss Wheatley'³). The letter from Hylton to Percy has been bound in at this point. After the text follow several blank pages, then an index by Shenstone which includes the titles of the deleted verses, and a bound-in

¹ Unpublished Turnbull correspondence.

² The Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, is now controlled by the Department of Internal Affairs of the New Zealand government in accordance with the wishes of the testator as a public reference library.

³ Miss Wheatley of Walsall. Cf. *Letters*, p. 588. She has a poem in the Miscellany, No. 78.

sheet with a variant text of one of the Percy Poems ('Disappointment') already included in the Miscellany. Two newspaper clippings with copies of verses are pinned in. Finally there is a note by Percy giving a list of the ballads included in the Miscellany which he printed in the *Reliques*. The volume is written in ink in Shenstone's handwriting throughout. Percy's notes are mainly in ink, but occasionally are in black or red pencil. The title-page by Shenstone is laid out in black and red ink in block letters in imitation of a printed title-page as follows:

A / COLLECTION / OF / POEMS / TRANSCRIB'D & COR-
RECTED * / FROM ORIGINAL M.S.S. / BY / W. SHENSTONE
/ MDCCLIX /

* Not universally corrected: some Pieces having no occasion.

IV

A list of the contents follows. I give the author, the title as given by Shenstone, and (for readier identification) the first line. The order is Shenstone's. In brackets I append a note on most of the poems with some further details, in particular a note of each poem's publication so far as I have tracked it down. Where original editions have not been available I cite Chalmers' *English Poets* (1810), appearance in which normally presumes prior publication in the eighteenth century. Reference to the *Reliques* are to Wheatley's edition. I have numbered the poems for ease of reference, and generally expanded Shenstone's 'Mr. Jago' and similar forms into names with full initial.

1. Mrs. Greville: 'Ode to a Fairy'.

'Oft have I teiz'd the gods in vain'

(A variant version cut from a magazine is pinned in.) [Printed in *The London Magazine*, Aug. 1761.]

2. Miss White of Edgbaston: 'An Ode'.

'Whither O whither flies the sleepy pow'r'

(Miss White became the wife of the Rev. Mr. Pixell, a poem on whose parsonage appeared in Dodsley, v, 82. Shenstone included six of her poems in the Miscellany.)

3. Thomas Percy: 'Verses on leaving * * * in a Tempestuous Night, March 22, 1758'.

'Deep howls the storm with chilling blast'

(Printed by Furnivall in *Percy's Folio MS.* 1, iv (1867), where it is wrongly dated 1788. Percy married early in 1759. This is probably a companion piece to his poem to his wife, 'O Nancy wilt thou go with me', printed in Dodsley, vi, 233, 1758. [According to A. C. C. Gaussen's *Percy: Prelate and Poet*, p. 17, it appeared in *The Grand Magazine* in 1758.]

4. Thomas Warton: 'For the Hermitage of John Ludford, Esq.'

'Beneath this stony roof reclin'd'

(Cf. Chalmers, XIX, 97, where it is printed (in a different text) as 'Inscription in A Hermitage'. First published in Warton's collected edition of 1777. Warton was at the Leasowes in 1758 and later sent Shenstone his 'Inscriptions'. Cf. *Letters*, pp. 482, 496. This was Shenstone's choice.)

5. Richard Jago: 'Peytoe's Ghost'.

(Cf. Chalmers, XVII, 313. His poems were first published 1784. Jago provided two poems for the Miscellany in response to Shenstone's insistence. Cf. *Letters*, p. 503.)

6. Mr. Wigson of University College, Oxon: 'On the Death of Squire Christopher A remarkably fat sportsman'.

'Tir'd with too long a chace, tho' stout'

[John Wigson matriculated at Oxford in April 1728, aged 17. A Warwickshire friend, he was son of John Wigson of Solihull.]

7. Richard Graves: 'In a blank leaf of the Siris'.

'In Berkeley's page whate'er he treats'

(One of the eleven sets of verses Shenstone includes from his friend Graves.)

8. Richard Graves: 'A Parody of the Speech of Jaques in Shakespear'.

'Sir Plume—All the cloth are odd'

(The seven ages of the clergy.)

9. 'From the old M.S.S. Collection of Ballads.'

'Gentle Herdsman, tell to me'

(*Reliques*, II, 86; *Percy's Folio MS.*, III, 524. This ballad was copied out about June, 1759, when Shenstone was in correspondence with Percy concerning it. Cf. *Letters*, p. 513.)

10. 'Giles Collin: an Old English Ballad.'

'Giles Collin came home unto his mother'

(This ballad was not in Percy's Folio Manuscript.)

11. Untitled Song.

'Now this is the song the brothers did sing'

(Five verses with the refrain 'my dog and I'.)

12. 'Bagley-Wood, A Parody occasion'd by Dr. Giles's panic apprehensions of being robb'd there.'

'God prosper long our 'Varsity'

(A ballad parody on the misfortune of Dr. Giles, Physician Fellow of Merton College.)

13. 'And Odd Old Ballad.'

'I'll tell ye good people all and I'll tell ye truly'

(On the death of Queen Elizabeth; five verses.)

14. Anthony Whistler: 'A Solution'.

'One dark oenigma let me clear'

(Shenstone's friend Whistler provided him with poems for Dodsley. There are three Whistler sets of verses in the Miscellany. This is one of the 'Riddle' poems which became a craze with Shenstone and his friends. *The Gentleman's Magazine* printed several, 1740 ff. Both Shenstone and Whistler had 'Riddle' poems printed in Dodsley. Cf. *Letters*, p. 20.)

15. Anthony Whistler: 'Horace's "Donec Gratus Eram"'.
'In these dear days when you confess'd my charms'

(Trans. of Horace Odes, III, 9. Shenstone commended it, writing to Jago in 1757. Cf. *Letters*, p. 427.)

16. Dr. John Byrom: 'Advice to a Preacher'.

'Brethren, this is to let you know'

(Cf. Chalmers, xv, 207.)

17. Miss White: 'Mutual Sympathy'.

'Ah who in all these happy plains'

(A slight pastoral ballad.)

18. Lady Luxborough: 'Asteria in the Country to Calydore in Town 1747-8'.

'To you my Friend

From cheerless hearths, and lonely grots I write'

(I have identified this apparently unpublished and unknown verse-epistle of over 100 lines as Lady Luxborough's 'Verses to Mr. Outing', her secretary, which Shenstone refers to in *Letters*, pp. 137-8. The literary coterie of the Leasowes and Lady Luxborough's place, Barrels, produced quite a body of poetry which has never received much attention. Shenstone, William Somerville and John Dalton all produced verses for 'Asteria', i.e. Lady Luxborough. Here is Asteria's own contribution.)

19. Parson Allen of Spennall: 'A Receipt for a Modern Urn'.

'Forty five mottoes full of odd hints'

(Another of the Leasowes-Barrels group. A skit on Shenstone's and Lady Luxborough's enthusiasm for urns. Cf. *Letters*, pp. 172, 230. Date, 1751.)

20. William Somerville: 'Song to Lady Luxborough'.

'How do busy fools employ'

(A further compliment to Asteria.)

21. Rev. Robert Binnel: 'Under Mary Queen of Scots, the face resembling Miss Ebourne'.

'Happy the few to whom, fair Queen, 'tis giv'n'

(Binnel was a contemporary of Shenstone at Pembroke. Cf. *Letters*, p. 512.)

22. Richard Jago: 'To Miss Fairfax'.

'When Nature joins a beauteous Face'

(Cf. Chalmers xvii, 311: 'To a Lady'.)

23. Richard Graves: 'Written October 1761'.

'Three Georges now, for Britains welfare born'.

24. Richard Graves: 'An Abridgment of the University Verses to the Queen, 1761'.

'Juno's a brimstone—Dian's self's an Harlot'

25. Richard Graves: 'On Mr. Pitt's Return to Bath, after his Resignation, 1761'.

'Britannia long her wretched Fate has mourned'

26. Richard Graves: 'On Mr. Pitt's Resignation, 1761'.

'When first portentous it was known'

(The last group give a useful dating-point for this part of the manuscript.)

27. Rev. William Saunders: 'In the Scotch Manner'.

'The Lass of the West was witty and free'

(By Shenstone's cousin.)

28. Rev. John Huckell: 'Stella, a Pastoral monody on the death of Miss Yelverton, a relation to Lord Sussex, 1754'.

'Stretched in a melancholy shade'

(Huckell was the author of *Aton*, printed by Baskerville, 1758.)

29. 'An Epitaph from Cheltenham Churchyard, on an infant.'

'To keep me harmless from ensuing crimes'

30. 'Another, on Miss Forder.'

'Soft sleep thy dust, and wait th'almighty's will'

31. Bagot, Esq.: 'Horace Book II Ode the 12th'.

'Of battles won, and Kings in chains'

(I have nothing on Bagot. Shenstone apparently did not know his initial, but there is a mutilated note associating him with Christ Church.) [Perhaps Egerton Bagot, who matriculated at Christ Church on 7 May 1731, aged 17: son of Thomas Bagot of Eccles, co. Lancaster.]

32. John Scott Hylton: 'An Impromptu: to Seignior Francisco'.

'Say happy Bard, Apollo's eldest son'

(Hylton also had a poem in Dodsley, iv, 305, which had been supplied by Shenstone.)

33. Thomas Percy: 'To the memory of Richard West of Pope's in Hertfordshire'.

'While surfeited with Life each hoary Knave'

(Richard West was the subject of the sonnet by Gray which Wordsworth adversely criticised.)

34. Thomas Percy: 'Epigram'.

'At the Squire's long board, in the days of Queen Bess'

(Percy adds his name and a note.)

35. Alexander Pope: 'Epigram'.

'My lord complains that Pope stark mad with gardens'

36. Richard Graves: 'Epigram, on the Proclamation of War'.

'The Sov'reign, at St. James's gate'

37. William Penn of Harborough: 'Song'.

'How can you, my Dear'

(Shenstone adds a note 'Preserv'd, as the only relique of my uncle's Poetry'.)

38. Richard Graves: 'Pembroke the Simple to Christchurch the Ample'.

'Truce with thy sneers, thou proud insulting College!'

39. Richard Graves: '*Mammas atque tatas habet Afra*'.

'Tho Pappa, and Mamma, my dear'

40. Richard Graves: 'An Oeconomical Reflexion' [*sic*].

'All mortal things are frail and go to pot'

41. Dr. Cotton, Physician at St. Albans: 'Yesterday being the Counterpart of To-morrow'.

'Well, yesterday is past, and cannot be'

(Shenstone notes that the poem was published in Dodsley, iv, 255. He marks it 'From Mr. Percy'.)

42. Thomas Percy: 'A Celebrated Sonnet, from the Spanish of Cervantes'

'Thro' Love's profound and stormy main'

(The Spanish text is written opposite the translation. [Printed in *Ancient Songs chiefly on Moorish Subjects*, 1932, under the title of 'The Mariner in Love'. There are two manuscripts of it at Harvard as well as the two manuscripts mentioned in the note to *Ancient Songs*, p. 56.])

43. Thomas Percy: 'The Disappointment'.

'Mira, the toast of half our sex'

(There is a note 'written about 1753'. Percy copied out another version and bound it in at the end of the Miscellany, entitling it 'The Poem . . . entitled Disappointment as written in 1752.')

44. James Merrick: 'Pluto and Proserpine, from the French of Mons. de la Motte'.

'How Pluto once through Inna straying'

(For Shenstone's opinion of Merrick, cf. *Letters*, p. 552.)

45. Thomas Percy: 'Ode on the Death of Augustus, Earl of Sussex, and the Improvements design'd at Easton Mauduit, August 20, 1758'.

'Ye pleasing thickets, artless bow'rs'

(Percy has added some notes. This unpublished poem clears up the reference in *Letters*, p. 499: 'I think yr. Elegy on Lord Sussex extremely easy and genteel', which Shenstone wrote to Percy at the end of 1758.)

46. Dr. Harrington of Wells: 'Slander, or the Witch of Wokey'.

'In aunciente days, tradition showes'

(Printed in *Reliques*, I, 325; printed by Pearch I, 153 in 1775.)

47. 'Epitaph.'

'Beneath, a sleeping infant lies'

(Noted as 'Recd. from Mr. Percy'.)

48. Anthony Whistler: 'Song to the favourite chorus in Atalanta'.

'Oh! let the various force of sound'

49. William Pulteney, Earl of Bath: 'Strawberry-hill, A Ballad'.

'Some cry up Gunnersbury'

(The Earl of Bath visited the Leasowes in the summer of 1762. Cf. *Letters*, p. 638.)

50. Miss Wight: 'Hymn to Myra—for the music of the slow air in *Berenice*'.

'Let thy tears no longer flow'

(Miss Wight was a neighbour of Shenstone's. Cf. *Letters*, pp. 505, 654.)

51. Richard Graves: 'Epigram.'

'The wretch that courts the vulgar great'

52. 'On the Death of Mr. Pelham.'

'Sad solitary Mole! whose stream'

(Shenstone marks it as 'by Anonymous' . . . given to me by Mr. Bridgens'.)

53. Richard Lovelace: 'Song'.

'When Love with unconfined wings'

(The text differs from the usual one. Shenstone marks it as 'From Mr. Percy's M.S. Collection of Ballads'. Cf. *Reliques*, II, 322; *Percy's Folio MS.*, II, 17.)

54. 'An Old Song.'

'As ye came from the holy Lande'

(Shenstone notes: '174 in the MS. Collection'. Cf. *Reliques* II, 102; *Percy's Folio MS.*, III, 471. Percy adds the note: 'alterd'.)

55. 'The Boy and the Mantle.'

'Twas in the merry month of May'

(Shenstone adds the note: 'Retouch'd from Mr. Percy's M.S. collection', and Percy again notes: 'alterd'. Cf. *Reliques*, III, 3; *Percy's Folio MS.*, II, 301. Shenstone was in correspondence with Percy about the poem. Cf. *Letters*, pp. 532, 634.)

56. 'Edom of Gordon.'

'It fell about Martin-mas'

(Shenstone notes: 'from the edition printed at Glasgow, corrected and enlarged by help of Mr. Percy's Old English M.S.', and Percy has added the note: 'the orig.'. The inclusion of this ballad in particular shows Shenstone's independent enthusiasm. He had it from John McGowan of Edinburgh from whom he asked for 'any old Scotch Ballads', and with whom he discusses the additional verses in the Percy Folio. McGowan provided him with Scots material including *The Gentle Shepherd*. Cf. *Letters*, pp. 513, 520. The Glasgow edition is the Foulis edition of 1755.)

57. 'From the Opera of *Elisa*.'

'My fond shepherd of late were so blest'

(Noted as sung by 'Mr. Arnold of Worcester, 1759'. Probably the Samuel Arnold who set some of Shenstone's verses to music. Cf. *Letters*, pp. 72, 390, 402.)

58. Miss White of Edgbaston: 'The Mother (Spenser's Style)'.

'Behold with ardent Love, and pious care'

59. Miss White (?): 'Song'.

'The Parent Bird, whose little nest'

(No author is assigned, but this song is inside a group of three others by Miss White and reads like her style.)

60. Miss White: 'Song, written in June 1759'.

'In the winding recess of a vale'

61. Miss White: 'A Pastoral'.

'Soon as the morning, from her eastern bed'

62. Lord Tyrawley: 'Song to Mrs. Compton, The Consul of Lisbon's Lady'.

'Last night, as I was going to bed'

63. 'From the *Chronicle* Jan. 1759.'

'Encore, Encore!'

(One of the pieces already in print that Shenstone includes.)

64. Thomas Percy: 'A Romance from the Old Spanish History *Las Civiles Guerras de Granada*'.

'Gentle River, Gentle River'

(Printed in *Reliques*, 1, 335. Cf. *Letters*, p. 520, where Shenstone thanks Percy 'for the Spanish Ballad . . . which is indeed a good one, and admirably well translated'.)

65. 'Chanson.'

'Assis sur l'Herbete'

(A five-verse pastoral ballad in French. Shenstone sent it to Percy for him to attempt a translation. Cf. *Letters*, p. 541.)

66. Thomas Percy: 'From the Chinese . . . The Willow'.

'Scarce dawns the year—The willow fair'

[Another version by Percy begins: 'Scarce dawns the genial year: its yellow sprays The sprightly willow cloathes in robes of green'. See *Hau Kiou Chooan*, 1761, vol. IV, p. 211.]

67. Lady Mary Wortley Montague: 'Verses written in a Garden'.

'See how that pair of billing Doves'

(Noted as 'communicated by Mr. Percy'. [The poem had been included in *Dodsley*, 1755, vol. IV, p. 196.])

68. Lady Mary Wortley Montague: 'The 5th Ode of Horace'.

'For whom are now those Airs put on?'

(Horace *Odes*, 1, v. Printed among Lady Mary's *Works*, ed. 1817, vol. v, p. 203.)

69. 'Old Sir Simon the King.'

'In a humour I was of late'

(Noted as 'From the MS. Collection of Ballads'. Not printed in the *Reliques*.)

70. James Moore: 'Verses written 30 years ago'.

'Behold the monarch oaks, that rise'

(Noted as 'From Mr. Percy'. Shenstone ascribes the verses to no author, but Percy has added a note: 'These verses I found in M.S. in an old Table-Drawer in Lord Sussex's Library. I have since seen them printed in One of Curl's Miscellanies intitled Atterburyana, 12mo. 1727. In this book they are ascribed to James Moore . . . who afterwards took the name of Smyth; and who is abused in the Dunciad. P'.)

71. 'Song, from the Teatable Miscellany'.

'The sun was sunk beneath the Hill'

[*Op. cit.*, ed. 1750, p. 139.]

72. Thomas Percy: 'Translation of the Old Spanish Romance *Ensillenme el Potro Ruzio*'.

'Saddle me my milk-white stallion'

[This is printed in *Ancient Songs chiefly on Moorish Subjects* with the title, 'The Moor's Equipment', with different readings. Manuscript at Harvard, dated 'July 31. 1760'.]

73. Mr. Wren: 'Sapphic written 1733-4'.

'Twas underneath a Poplar Shade'

74. Gualchmai, *qui floruit* 1100: '*Carmen Encomiasticum, in Owenum Vendotia Principem*'.

'Laudabo munificum, ex stirpe Roderici'

(This clears up the reference to a 'little Welch ode' which Shenstone wrote of to Percy, *Letters*, p. 591. Shenstone got the ode from a Welsh clergyman, Rice Williams. Shenstone notes that it is a literal translation of the Welsh into Latin—'*Carmen originale verbum verbo Latine redditum*'.)

75. 'J.C.': 'Four copies of Verses sent me by J.C. from Mr. Dilly, Bookseller in the Poultry, London, for my opinion July 12, 1791.'

(a) 'Latter part of the Third of Habakkuck paraphrased.'

'Tho the green blade desert the meads'

(b) 'Inscription for an Hermitage.'

'Fond man, to this sequestered cell'

(c) 'Ode to Health.'

'Nymph, that flies the crowded street'

(d) 'Ode to Content.'

'Content, conduct me to thy Cell'

(These four verses solve the puzzles of *Letters*, p. 593, where Shenstone writes to 'J.C.' offering criticism of verses, and suggesting improved lines and readings. Now that we have the complete text of the verses we see that Shenstone copied them with his own improvements. The texts of (a) in *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1760 (December), and of (c) in *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1761 (February), are presumably the author's own versions untouched by Shenstone.)

76. Sir William Davenant: 'Song from "The Play—House to be let"'

'Ah Love is a delicate thing'

77. Miss White: 'Written by Mrs. Pixell (when Miss White) when very young from the French of M. des Barreaux "Grand Dieu tes Jugements"'

'O thou almighty being, just and wise'

78. Miss Mary Wheatley of Walsall: 'To Mr. L—, on his desiring her to paint his character, Decr. 13, 1760'.

'Tho' you flatter my genius and praise what I write'

(Printed in the *Annual Register*, 1761, p. 247, as by 'Miss Lobbin'. 'Mr. L—' becomes 'Mr. S—'. Writing to Graves (*Letters*, p. 588) Shenstone mentions a large collection of Miss Wheatley's verses which he is reading, 'more correct than I almost ever saw written by a lady'. Her poems were published by Dodsley in 1764). [*Original Poems*, pp. 62-3. The poem in question is there entitled 'To Mr. O—y, Upon his asking the Author to paint his Character'.)]

79. 'Cotswouldia': 'To William Shenstone Esq., August 30, 1761'.

'Health to the bard, in Lezzo's happy groves'

(Shenstone notes as 'recd. by the post, from an unknown hand'. Printed with a considerably altered text in *Annual Register*, 1761, p. 246. Shenstone's pleasure was shown in a letter to Graves, *Letters*, p. 589. Miss Williams identifies the author with Elizabeth, wife of John Thomas, Rector of Notgrove in Worcestershire.)

80. Mr. Marshall of Dublin: 'Ballad'.

'The Bells were heard all in the Morn'

81. 'Song, recd. at the same time.'

'One april evening when the sun'

(These two sets of verses provide the clue to Shenstone's correspondence with Thomas Hull, *Letters*, pp. 584, 605, 607, 612. Hull (later the editor of Shenstone's letters) with his fiancée, Miss Morrison, provided Shenstone with them, knowing his interest in ballads. Shenstone's criticism of them in these letters and his distinction, made for the less critical Hull, between a ballad and a song, are clear-headed.)

82. 'Captain Carre.'

'Master whither you will'

(Shenstone notes: 'A fragment from Mr. Percy's collection of old ballads'. He points out the possibility of compounding it with 'Edom of Gordon', which is founded on the same story. Cf. *Percy's Folio MS.*, 1, 79 and *Letters*, p. 598. Percy took the hint and in the *Reliques*, 1, 143, he used this ballad to piece out 'Edom of Gordon'. Cf. notes to No. 56.)

83. Richard Graves: 'On Gainsborough's Landskips'.

'To charm the soul, with equal Force conspire'

84. 'Ode to the Sun.'

'Fountain of heat and life, for they are One'

(Shenstone notes as 'From the Cottager No. 13'. [Printed in *The London Chronicle*, 2-4 March 1762. 'The Cottager' was a serial which ran in this paper from March 1761 to April 1762.]])

85. John Langhorne: 'Irwans Vale from Solyman and Almena'.

'Farewell the Fields of Irwan's vale'

[Printed in the 'Account of Solyman and Almena' in *The London Chronicle*, 18-20 March 1762. Langhorne's oriental tale containing this poem had appeared at the end of January.]

86. 'A Pastoral Ballad.'

'I said, On the Banks of a stream'

(An imitation of Shenstone's own Pastoral Ballad. Shenstone notes 'Sent to me by Ned Cookes, as written by some friend of his in Scotland, May, 1762'.)

87. Jonathan Swift (ascribed): 'Doomsday'.

'Once, with a whirl of Thought opprest'

(Shenstone notes as communicated to him by Dodsley 'as the composition of Dean Swift'. Percy adds a note doubting the ascription. A printed copy from the *St. James's Chronicle* is pinned in to the Miscellany. The text of the two versions differs. [This is Swift's 'Day of Judgment'. It appears to have been first printed in the *St. James's Chronicle*, 9-12 April 1774: see Harold Williams, *Poems of Swift*, p. 576. This is the earliest extant text of the poem.]

88. William Meredyth (ascribed): 'To Miss **** on the Death of her Gold-Fish'.

'Ah, dry those tears; they flow too fast'

(Shenstone notes: 'Communicated to me by Miss Cotton . . . the author some of their acquaintance, but not mentioned—I guess Mr. Meredyth'. See Miss Williams's note on the Meredyth family, *Letters*, p. 45.)

89. Horace Walpole: 'On Lord Granville'.

'Commanding beauty smooth'd by cheerful grace'

(Shenstone notes these lines as copied 'from the *Chronicle*, January 25th, 1763'. This was Shenstone's last entry into the Miscellany and it is immediately followed by Percy's note already quoted.)

90. I gather together under one item all indications for other inclusions.

(a) The index has the titles of two ballads torn out by Shenstone from the body of the Miscellany: 'A Ludicrous Old Ballad' and 'George Riddle's Oven; a Ballad'.

(b) On a blank page at the end there is a brief pencil note of 'The Widow of Abingdon'.

(c) On another blank page at the end Shenstone notes: 'Verses to be procured and inserted [in] this collection: orig. *The Almatide of Ld. B.*: (*Chronicle* 1759); *Doll Common*; Baskerville's orig. MS. by Swift and Pope; *Arthur a Bradeley*'.

V

The verses copied into the Miscellany fall into four groups, and the problem for an editor varies with each group. Least important is the group of some half-dozen verses copied from publications: all that need be noted is Shenstone's variations from his originals. Second is the group of some thirty poems sent to him from various sources—friends, booksellers, admirers. His retention of these (from the many that were sent from all quarters) shows the bias of his interest; the appearance of several ballads of differing types (e.g. Numbers 80, 81, 86) provides evidence that Shenstone's interest in the ballad was known beyond his immediate circle. Of most of this group it is extremely unlikely that another version exists.

The third and fourth group form the main interest of the Miscellany. The third group is a sort of anthology of the Shenstone circle. There are almost forty of these poems. Percy and Graves are the chief contributors, but his other intimates at the Leasowes—Lady Luxborough, Jago, Whistler, Parson Allen, Miss White, and the rest—are represented by occasional poems that show the literary tastes and abilities of the Leasowes coterie and help to fill out the details of some passages in Shenstone's own biography. A considerable number of these have been published, and a comparison of the published version with the Miscellany version gives some insight into Shenstone's editorial methods. Perhaps most important of all is the fourth group, the ballads, mainly from the Folio Manuscript. Shenstone's appreciation of the older ballad was perhaps even greater than has so far been realized. His choices for the Miscellany were excellent, and had the Miscellany been published as he intended (probably, since the notebook is virtually complete, in 1763) he would have been long since recognized as a pioneer in the field. But like his friend and fellow-pioneer, Thomas Percy, and like many other eighteenth-century editors of our older literature, he could not keep his hands to himself. The mark of the 'improver' is everywhere apparent.

A glance at the years 1740–80 in the list of miscellanies compiled by Mr. Norman Ault for the *Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature* shows that at least half a dozen of them came from the press each year. Many of them were hack jobs put out by the printers to satisfy a public taste for anthologies. Had Baskerville received the manuscript of Shenstone's Miscellany we should have had his graceful printing and format

displaying the enthusiasm of a poet who was one of the great arbiters of his time. The loss to typography is irreparable, but the loss to the history of literary taste will be repaired, I hope, fairly shortly.

Finally, it will be fairly evident to any careful reader of this article that there are gaps in the narrative, gaps in the history of the manuscript, gaps in ascription, gaps in the record of first printings, all of which are difficult to supply from such facilities as are available to me in New Zealand. I should be grateful for any notes that may help to fill in those gaps.¹

¹ I acknowledge with gratitude the assistance of the staff of the Turnbull Library, Wellington, New Zealand, especially the help and cooperation of Mr. C. R. H. Taylor and Miss Nola Miller.

[Notes in square brackets are editorial. Professor D. Nichol Smith, to whom the manuscript was submitted, has given generous assistance and advice throughout the process of publication.—Ed., *R.E.S.*]

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

ST. PETER IN 'LYCIDAS'

The many attempts made in recent years to identify the 'two-handed engine' of 'Lycidas' have on the whole been made with too little regard to the passage in which it occurs. In this passage Milton, it is assumed, was indulging 'his malignity to the church'. This view raises several difficulties. The poem was first published in a collection of elegies on Edward King, a book licensed by the bishop of London's chaplain and printed by the Cambridge university printers. It is unlikely that the chaplain and the printers would have let pass an obvious attack on the clergy; and equally that Milton would have included in an elegy on a candidate for holy orders a general attack on the body which he had proposed joining. Further, the view presupposes that Milton was an enemy of the episcopate already, about 1637, an assumption for which there is little basis. The alternative view is that the passage is an earnest churchman's complaint about the number of unworthy clerics. This seems to be the view most likely to have been taken in 1638. I propose trying to show how the passage would appear to a reader of that time; and how far this view of it is consonant with Milton's known development.

The 1638 text differs from that of 1645 in only two words: l. 129 has 'and little sed', afterwards changed to 'and nothing sed'; and l. 131 in 1638 ended 'and smites no more'.

To begin with, St. Peter's presence in the poem requires an explanation. The Anglican Church of the period does not appear to have given him any particular office; while he perhaps held a primacy among the apostles, it was not such as to constitute him 'head of the Catholic Church' (so Verity, ed. *Comus and Lycidas*, 1898, p. xlv; the later commentaries which I have seen generally either take a similar view or ignore the matter). The reason for his presence is his denunciation of false teachers, 2 Peter, II, especially part of verse 1:

There shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction.

(Mr. Skeat, in the 'Reader's Guide' appended to Beeching's edition of the *Poetical Works*, O.U.P., 1938, etc., p. 631, refers incidentally to this chapter.) This passage gives to the figure in the poem an especial vitality and forcefulness, and indeed contains the gist of what he has to say. The keys which the saint carries are his normal emblem, though the two metals

may be unusual. The expression 'his Miter'd locks' is very striking. In seventeenth-century Protestant art St. Peter apparently never has a mitre (see for example the engraved title of the 1611 Bible). The epithet can scarcely be fortuitous. After 1640 Milton frequently uses the mitre as a symbol for episcopal power and it is surely to be so taken here. Hooker argues that St. Peter was a bishop with restraint, not merely a bishop at large, as the apostles should be regarded in general (*Of the Lawes of Ecclesiastical Polity*, VII, iv, 1, 2); as such he belongs to the still existing episcopate. The mitre implies that Milton accepts this view. The figure in the poem has, therefore, two aspects. On the one side he is the modern bishop concerned with the improvement of the clergy; on the other he is the apostle expressing the will of God.

Lines 113-24 present no difficulty. They correspond closely enough to Hooker's acknowledgment of 'that threefold blot or blemish of notable ignorance, unconscionable absence from the cures whereof men have taken charge, and insatiable hunting after spiritual preferments without either care or conscience of the public good' (*Ecclesiastical Polity*, v, lxxxi, 1): If the Puritans have misapplied their accusations, Hooker readily admits that 'the greatness of the harvest and the scarcity of able workmen' have compelled the Church to admit into holy orders 'numbers of men but slenderly and meanly qualified'. 'Ministerial vocation' is the 'last and surest refuge open to forlorn men', who, thanks to the influence of the powerful, 'are often received into that vocation whereunto their unworthiness is no small disgrace' (v, lxxxi, 8).

Lines 125-7 set out the natural result of a bad clergy, presumably spiritual indifference, but perhaps, more positively, moral decay, in the laity.

The 'grim wolf' of l. 128 would be recognized immediately as the Roman Catholic Church. George Con(n) had come as papal agent to the Queen's court in the summer of 1636 and his proselytizing had met with such success, chiefly among the court ladies, that in October 1637 Laud was compelled to protest; as a result a proclamation was issued against the Roman Catholics on 20 December (Gardiner, *History of England, 1603-1642*, VIII, 236-42). Contemporary readers would perhaps see a reference to this proclamation in the words 'and little sed' in l. 129 (for the history of this line see below).

This leads to the warning about the 'two-handed engine' (the alteration from 'smites' (1638) to 'smite' (1645) does not appear to affect its significance). The weapon is plainly directed against the bad shepherds. The most important passage in the Bible concerned with the smiting of shepherds is that in which Christ repeats Zechariah's prophecy: 'For it is written, I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be

scattered abroad' (S. Matthew, xxvi. 31; also in S. Mark, xiv. 27). Here the weapon is not stated, but Zechariah is explicit: 'Awake, O sword, against my shepherd . . . smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered' (xiii. 7). Here it is the Lord's shepherd who is to be smitten, but Zechariah also gives the sword as the weapon which is to punish the bad shepherd: 'Woe to the idol-shepherd that leaveth the flock! the sword shall be upon his arm and upon his right eye: his arm shall be clean dried up, and his right eye shall be utterly darkened' (xi. 17; Sir Charles Firth refers to this verse in a note to his edition of Johnson's *Life of Milton*, 1921, p. 131). I have not found any seventeenth-century commentary or work on Jewish antiquities that gives a description of the Jewish sword, or any representation of it in the art of this period; but until it is definitely disproved the sword has a strong claim to be the particular weapon to which Milton refers.

Attempts have been made to establish an historical interpretation—the two houses of parliament, the Court of High Commission, even the axe that was to behead Laud some seven years later. Historically none of them fits; they are even more unacceptable on ideal grounds. St. Peter cannot be brought into the poem to threaten new regulations or any ordinary political change; he, or rather Milton speaking through him, is a prophet in the religious, not in the modern popular sense of the word. The 1645 heading to the poem should not mislead anyone into thinking that Milton had foreseen, or tried to foretell, a future series of events.

The phrase 'at the door' has troubled some commentators. It seems to imply nothing more than immediacy. Thus a Scottish contemporary, Robert Baillie, also writing in 1637: 'There was in our land ever such an appearance of a sturr; the whole people thinks Poperie at the doores' (*Letters and Journals*, ed. D. Laing (Bannatyne Club), 1841-2, I, 23; quoted by Gardiner, viii, 321). I have met with it again a few years later in *Clavis Apocalyptica*, translated by S. Hartlib, 1651, p. 36: 'It is very likelie that for certain, som great things are at the door, and that wee may look for fearful and terrible revolutions.' Its origin is perhaps Acts, v. 9: 'Behold, the feet of them which have buried thy husband are at the door, and shall carry thee out.' Although this refers to proximity in place, not in time, the feeling of immediacy is very strong.

If what I have suggested as the contemporary view of the passage is accepted, there arises the question how far it conforms with Milton's intentions. His attitude towards the episcopate until 1632 is fairly clear. In 1626, at the age of seventeen, he wrote the two elegies on the bishops; in 1629 and again in 1632, when taking his degrees at Cambridge, he subscribed three articles from the Ecclesiastical Canons of 1603-4, articles which no conscientious anti-episcopalian could have accepted. From his undated letter written about the end of his twenty-third year it is clear

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that his friends at that time expected him to take orders; and there is no warrant for any belief in a positive breach at that time in his statements in *The Reason of Church-government* (1641). It was, then, as a prospective candidate for Anglican orders that he could write of his fellow undergraduates at Cambridge:

Truly, amongst us here, as far as I know, there are hardly one or two that do not fly off unfeathered to Theology while all but rude or uninitiated in either Philology or Philosophy,—content also with the slightest possible touch of Theology itself, just as much as may suffice for sticking together a little sermon anyhow, and stitching it over with worn patches obtained promiscuously: a fact giving reason for the dread that by degrees there may break in among our clergy the priestly ignorance of a former age. (Letter 3, 2 July, 1628; Columbia ed. translation.)

The passage in 'Lycidas' is fuller but scarcely more severe; if Milton was an Anglican when he wrote the letter, the poem does not require any change in his outlook.

The history of l. 129 is curious. In the manuscript it ran originally 'and nothing sed'; then 'nothing' was deleted and was replaced by 'little'. The edition of 1638 has 'little'; that of 1645 reverts to 'nothing', which was retained in that of 1673. The explanation of the changes is provided by the proclamation of 20 December, 1637 against the Roman Catholics, the outcome of the protest made by Laud in October against the prominence given to them at court. Milton could not altogether ignore the proclamation; the volume containing 'Lycidas' was licensed on 23 January 1638. But even by that date it was notorious that the proclamation was innocuous (Gardiner, VIII, 234-42). Hence in 1645 he could revert to his original wording of the line without doing his opponents any real injustice.

E. S. DE BEER.

MARVELL AND MASSINGER:

A SOURCE OF 'THE DEFINITION OF LOVE'.

'The Definition of Love' is the second-greatest of Marvell's love-poems. Its tone reflects the influence of Donne at its healthiest. It possesses the 'close-knit structure' that Professor (now Sir Herbert) Grierson recognized as the hall-mark of the metaphysical school. At the same time it has already been shown to contain borrowings of phrase and thought from poets ancient and modern. Mr. Margoliouth¹ quotes from Cowley's *Mistress* the third stanza of 'Impossibilities' as the source of Marvell's eighth and

¹ First in his article on 'Marvell and Cowley', in the *Saturday Review*, 7 June, 1919, then in his Oxford edition of Marvell's poems.

last. Miss Bradbrook and Miss Lloyd Thomas¹ find the 'iron wedges' that Fate is said by Marvell to 'drive' between his soul and his beloved, in Horace, *Carmina* I, xxxv, 17-20 (saeva Necessitas . . . cuneos manu/gestans aena). But, interesting as these *rapprochements* are, especially the former, they do not seem to exhaust Marvell's indebtedness to his predecessors.

In Massinger's *Maid of Honour* (printed in 1632) a sentence, Act 1, Scene ii, ll, 120-2, has puzzled the editors. Camiola is explaining to Bertoldo why she cannot marry him:

Alas! Sir,
We are not parallels, but like lines divided,
Can ne'er meet in one centre.

Gifford, followed by Chelli,² takes 'parallels' to mean 'radii', asserting that other writers of the time fell into the same error; but *O.E.D.* gives this assertion no support (except negatively, by showing that 'radius' did not assume its mathematical sense before the middle of the seventeenth century—what was the earlier word?). Miss Bryne³ understands 'parallels' in its abstract meaning of 'equals', a meaning that *O.E.D.* does recognize (B. 5. *fig.*) and that Massinger unequivocally places on the lips of the same Camiola (Act III, Scene iii, l. 69); so far so good, but Miss Bryne has to admit that, having done this, Massinger expresses through the cumbrous periphrasis of 'lines divided' . . . the very notion of parallelism.

We cannot unfortunately bring any new light on the subject as far as Massinger is concerned; but we submit that Marvell remembered that misshapen comparison when he wrote:

As Lines so Loves *oblique* may well
Themselves in every angle greet:
But ours so truly *Parallel*,
Though infinite can never meet. (Stanza 7.)

His own phrasing is not above reproach: 'Themselves' clearly stands for 'each other'; and the former half of the stanza seems to imply that 'Lines *oblique*' keep crossing again and again; it should read in prose: 'in every angle two oblique lines cross,' or; 'two oblique lines (in the same plane) are sure to form an angle'. Yet, though grammarians may cavil, the poetic compression is not bought at too high a price, and we catch Marvell's meaning at once, especially with the help of the perfectly lucid, grammatical, and geometrical latter half of the stanza. Marvell has succeeded in bringing into the world a conceit of which Massinger had failed to deliver his heroine.

¹ *Andrew Marvell* (C.U.P., 1940), p. 45, n. 1.

² *Les Belles-Lettres*, Paris, 1933.

³ Thesis, Bryn Mawr, London, 1927.

But some, possibly most, readers will doubt whether the lyrical poet wanted the dramatist's help in order to discover that simile. Did it stand alone in the scene, we might share their incredulity, but, a few speeches lower down, Camiola, in answer to Bertoldo's appeal:

Is there no hope left me?

gives him this cold comfort:

Nor to myself, but is a neighbour to
Impossibility.

Marvell improved upon this, no doubt, replacing 'hope' by 'despair' and making the two 'neighbours' the parents of his love, of which he says:

It was begotten by despair
Upon impossibility.

And in spite of the wide difference of metre, the two sentences have the same ring, the same resonance: they both rest on the awful polysyllable.

'The Definition of Love' is a manly poem. But is not Camiola as manly as any character in Massinger, and possibly in all the contemporary playwrights? She is pure too, and her purity might well endear her to a puritan, even when he walked without his God, as Marvell clearly does in this sombre challenge to a wholly pagan Fate. True, he never mentioned Massinger, nor, as far as we know, borrowed from him elsewhere; but he could hardly have failed to read his plays and see some of them acted, at Cambridge or in London, before the closing of the theatres. It may not be quite irrelevant, besides, to recall that one critic at least¹ saw evidence in Milton's blank verse of a close study of Massinger's, probably about the time when Marvell was writing 'The Definition of Love'.

But let us come back to the apparent contradiction from which we started: do these borrowings, or reminiscences, or call them echoes if you like, make a mere cento of this piece? We think that, even should a source be found for each stanza, the whole would still remain original. The unifying force is provided by Marvell's exceptional mood, and by the relentless logic with which he drives his point home.

PIERRE LEGOUIS.

¹ Boyle, in *New Shakespeare Society Transactions*, p. 378, quoted by Cruickshank, *Philip Massinger* (Oxford, 1940).

CORRESPONDENCE

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA AND THE BOOK OF REVELATION

THE EDITOR,

The Review of English Studies.

DEAR SIR,

In the essay by Miss Ethel Seaton on '*Antony and Cleopatra* and the *Book of Revelation*' (*R.E.S.*, Vol. 22, 1946, No. 87, July, pp. 219 ff.), it is established that Shakespeare in his play at certain points drew on the imagery of *Revelations* to express the significance he felt in the historical events which he depicted.

It is surely of interest, then, that the apocalyptic imagery to which his poetic intuition drew him was in fact closely related to those historical events. W. W. Tarn and others in various places has shown how many of the Sibylline verses were composed during the war between Rome and Cleopatra and how Cleopatra sought to dramatize herself and Antony, with their children, in terms of the millenary hopes agitating the peoples of the Near East (e.g. H. Jeanmaire, *Le Messianisme de Virgile*, 1930, and Tarn, 'Alexander Helios and the Golden Age', *Journal of Roman Studies*, 1932, xxii).

That Shakespeare, purely through intuitive insight, should have made the correlation between the Plutarchian tale and the aspirations uttered in *Revelations*, is an extraordinary thing. I think, therefore, that Miss Seaton's discovery is of much higher importance than she perhaps realises.

Yours sincerely,

JACK LINDSAY.

REVIEWS

The Skalds. A Selection of their Poems, with an introduction and notes by LEE M. HOLLANDER. Princeton: Princeton University Press for the American-Scandinavian Foundation; London: Geoffrey Cumberlege. 1945. Pp. x+217. \$2.75; 18s. 6d. net.

The notorious difficulty of skaldic verse deters all but enthusiasts from study of the original texts. This translation provides an easy approach for those who wish to understand its content and inspiration, and the unique qualities which set it apart from other Germanic literature. Mr. Hollander gives a wide selection from thirteen skalds as far apart in time as Bragi Boddason the Old and Sneglu-Halli. His introduction briefly describes the place of the skaldic art in the life of the time, and explains the principles of metre and the conventions of style and diction. The biographical and historical background so essential to the understanding of these difficult poems is given its proper place in the commentary on each author, and many translated extracts from the sagas set the verses in their context.

An accurate translation of the matter and the spirit of skaldic poems into acceptable English prose is difficult enough; to translate them into verse, preserving at the same time a close approximation to the metres of the original, may fairly be thought beyond the powers of most men. Mr. Hollander gallantly essays *runhent* for the translation of Egil's *Hofuðlausn*, *hrynhent* for Arnór Thórdarson's *drópa* on King Magnus and the full intricacy of *dróttkvætt*—alliteration, *skothending*, *aðalhending* and all—for Sigvat's *Austrfaravísur*. Most of the rest is done into a modified *dróttkvætt*, keeping alliteration and rhythm but abandoning internal rhyme. When a translator sets himself such a task it is perhaps ungracious to complain that his version is not completely satisfying.

In verse translations of poetry some degree of fidelity to the original is inevitably lost, and considering his special problems Mr. Hollander has adhered remarkably closely to the text. Only occasionally is there room for doubt on a point of interpretation, as in a stanza of Gunnlaug's (chap. 11) where a whole line—'fie on him: the coward'—is developed out of the single epithet *enn holti*. Kennings as a rule are preserved, and explained in footnotes; but sometimes they are adapted to suit the metre, as *Sif's husband* for *Viðris arfi*. This substitution is usually colourless, but sometimes the translation seems unnecessarily distant from the original without gain in force. For example in *Hofuðlausn*, stanza 10,

Ól flagðs gota fárbjóðr Skota

becomes

Fed the Scotchmen's slayer the birds of the air

though *flagðs gota*, 'the giantess's steed', must mean 'the wolf', as in stanza 12 of this same poem (*Gjalpar skæ*) and elsewhere. The demands of form have also sometimes obscured finer points of meaning. Thus in *Hofuðlausn*, stanza 4, the lines

Was heard the roar of raging war
as flowed wound-gore on far-off shore

can hardly be considered an adequate rendering of

þar heyrðisk þá,	þaut mækis á
malmhríðar spá	sú's mest of lá.

'Roar' ignores the sense of 'chant', 'incantation', inherent in *spá*.

The language of the translation, fettered by an exacting and unfamiliar metrical system, is oddly unstable. The prevailing pseudo-archaic diction, proper enough to this highly artificial poetry, sometimes gives way to the outworn cliché ('briny'), the colloquial ('gawky') or even the vulgar ('roughneck'). The *Austrfjarvísur* suffers most conspicuously, owing to the translator's close adherence to the full *dróttkvætt* formula. The use of 'Christ' as an expletive in stanza 7:

if best you call him—Christ! then
curses be on the worst one!

has no warrant in the original, and in stanza 8

út vask eitt sinn heitinn
innan fjórum sinnum

is most unfortunately expanded to

Four times was I turned out
by tight-fisted blighters!

But such blemishes as this are not frequent, and taken as a whole the book is an interesting and valuable introduction to the art of the skalds and its place in the history of Norway and Iceland.

NORMAN DAVIS.

Renaissance Literary Criticism. By VERNON HALL, Jr. New York: Columbia University Press; London: Geoffrey Cumberlege. 1945. Pp. x+260. 20s. net.

Dr. Hall's survey of Renaissance criticism in Italy, France and England is designed to show the degree to which it is directly affected by the social and political concepts of the age. The work is a piece of special pleading, convincingly expounded and well supported by a wide variety of reference. It may be objected that the author does not take sufficiently into account the medieval preparation, sometimes explicit in fragmentary comment or implicit in practice, or that he does not always make clear the relative importance of the many critics he cites. Yet it would be an ungrateful reader who asks for what is probably not intended to be there, and Dr. Hall's spotlight illuminates his chosen field brightly enough to compensate for the occasional lack of historical perspective.

Examining the criticism under the same heads for each country in turn, he brings out both the community of ideas and the differences of nation and culture. In each section he begins with the 'fight for the vernacular', showing how the rivalry of the despotic states in Italy creates a climate for criticism very different from that produced by the greater national unity of France and England. All three countries are alike in their desire to raise the vernacular to literary status, but achieve it in different ways and at a different rate of progress, for reasons to be sought in their social rather than intellectual outlook. The ruling principle of decorum, too, is here given its full social connotation, and has thereby added

importance as a point where the contemporary rule of life meets classical precept. This double strength lies behind many of the divisions of literary 'kinds'. It accounts for the acceptance of tragedy as the most lofty of dramatic forms, with its kings and princes, high style and elaborate costume, while comedy is the representation of low life with appropriate speech and staging. There has been much controversy concerning the use of Aristotle in this connection, in which Butcher, Spingarn and F. M. Cornford have joined, and Dr. Hall here makes an interesting re-statement of the possible balance between social and literary thought. Among the 'kinds', the epic takes place in the hierarchy of value as one which extols national heroes, while the romance, the reading of the 'profanum vulgus', is considered unworthy of serious regard. In general, the lack of purely æsthetic theory is shown to be due to the conception of the poet in a society particular to the age, of a courtly maker whose duty and power it is to instruct society.

Many of these things have been said before, but there has been no earlier attempt to present so consistent a statement of this view of Renaissance criticism. Dr. Hall's work brings home the necessity of relating the complexity of critical thought to the many other non-literary conditions which mould it. At the present time, when the term 'democracy' is so freely used and misused, this reminder of the aristocratic viewpoint of the Renaissance should be helpful towards an understanding of an age for which the critics are the spokesmen.

ELIZABETH SWEETING.

Prefaces to Shakespeare. Fourth Series, *Othello*. By HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER. London: Sidgwick and Jackson. 1945. Pp. x+223. 15s. net.

The unique quality of the late Mr. Granville-Barker's Shakespearian criticism we all acclaim. Rare indeed is his combination of qualities—the experience which gives him insight into the theatrical contributions of playwright and actor and at the same time enables him to breathe easily the atmosphere of scholarship. This volume, like its predecessors, is replete with illuminating comments based on the author's familiarity with many worlds. He can deal with the relationship between Shakespeare's tragedy and Cinthio's *Il Moro di Venezia*; with equal felicity he can, in a few trenchant phrases, define the actor's function:

The career of a character in a play from its imagining to its presenting on a stage has something in common with the begetting and birth of a child, and the particular shares of the parents in their offspring may both seem as obvious and prove as hard to analyse. . . . An actor will acquire certain specialized and somewhat anomalous faculties. Being neither mere mouthpiece nor mere puppet, he interprets a character—the material the dramatist gives him—in the terms, more or less disguised, of his own personality. Yet it will not be his true personality. He cannot, strictly speaking, know more of the character than the dramatist has told him, and this, though it be the essential part, can never be much. . . . He must seem to know much more, and in many ways, if we are to think of the two as one.

To a certain extent, *Othello* is the least rewarding of all Shakespeare's greater tragedies for such a critic as Mr. Granville-Barker. Acknowledged masterpiece

though it be, it does not display the overtones of the others—the baffling uncertainty of *Hamlet*, the questioning of *Macbeth*, *Lear*'s elemental diapacons. Its plane is more humanly 'psychological' than that of its companions, yet, as Mr. Granville-Barker observes, it is not 'a spiritual tragedy in the sense that the others may be called so'—it is 'an all but intolerable exhibition of human wickedness and folly, which does not so much purge us with pity and terror as fill us with horror and anger'.

Since the interest of the drama is psychological, most of Mr. Granville-Barker's pages are devoted to explication of the characters. Iago, though 'shoddy', is an artist gone wrong, not 'half-brother to Milton's Satan'. The 'artist's unscrupulous passion' and consuming egoism, which, when applied to the mimic world, yield richness, yield evil here because they operate in terms of real life. Like an artist Iago is carried beyond himself by this power within him and is indeed destroyed by it: in a sense *Othello* is Iago's tragedy too. *Othello* is conceived of as a solitary figure, and because of that 'less sophisticated and the more easily to be victimized by alien suggestion'. Categorically, however, Mr. Granville-Barker denies that Shakespeare saw him as a negro; indeed, he goes so far as to state that the allusion to the Moor's 'thick lips' was intended by the author to add 'by slight surprise to the effect he will make upon us when' the hero 'does appear, so plainly nothing of the sort'. This is a debatable judgment, and maybe too there is some other debatable material in the critic's unqualified praise of Desdemona. Although we are told that 'a very clear picture of her' emerges from the play, she may seem, in this interpretation, to become little more than a lifeless symbol of 'essential honesty'. Particularly worthy of note, in this gallery of portraits, are Mr. Granville-Barker's acute assessments of Emilia's coarser clay, of the pluckiness of the little hussy Bianca, and of Roderigo's disillusioned folly.

Apart from his analysis of the characters, Mr. Granville-Barker provides in this book what is probably the subtlest investigation we have of Shakespeare's 'ambiguity in time—his so-called double clock'. Nothing quite so understanding and so penetrating has hitherto been written on this subject. Although less space is devoted to the verse than the author has devoted to that subject in earlier prefaces, special note may be made of the excellent and acute examination here of the iterative patterns which run through so many of *Othello*'s speeches and scenes.

Once more, for a work instinct with the concept of beauty and apt to enlarge our vision we remain deeply in Mr. Granville-Barker's debt. This, like the earlier *Prefaces*, is at once a revelation and a challenge.

ALLARDYCE NICOLL.

Shakespeare's Punctuation. By P. ALEXANDER. The Annual Shakespeare lecture of the British Academy, 1945. Pp. 24.

This capital lecture, delivered on 25 April 1945, exhibits all the energy and gusto we expect of Professor Alexander's utterances, and must have been good to listen to; and, though I have heard criticism of the opening paragraph as 'Scottish rhetoric', I can vouch for one English ex-professor of rhetoric in Scotland finding it very much to his taste, thinking it indeed the best thing yet written on 'D' day. Nor need the lecturer have offered apologies for his choice of theme. It was high time readers of Shakespeare, outside the narrow circle of specialists, should

become conscious that the punctuation of the plays is not merely a matter of moment but very far indeed from being settled. And I can imagine no better way of learning such things than the perusal of this lecture. Meanwhile, for readers of *R.E.S.*, who need no instruction of the sort, a few reflections of a Shakespearian editor on its theme and some of its conclusions may not be out of place, more especially as the main target of the lecture is (literally) a point or two in his edition.

It may be remarked by way of preface that this is not the first, or the second, or even the third time that Professor Alexander has discussed the subject of Shakespearian punctuation in general and one interpreter in particular. Historians will point to a letter in the *Times Literary Supplement* for 1 October, 1931 as the earliest occasion. He returned to the charge in an article on 17 March, 1932 in the same journal: returned again in a notice of the first fourteen volumes of 'The New Shakespeare' which appeared in *R.E.S.* for January 1933: returned yet again in another review, this time on *Hamlet* (*R.E.S.*, October, 1936): and finally, after eight and a half years, during which everything else in the world was turned upside down and the professor himself went to the wars 'as voluntary to serve of a gaiety and joyalty of mind', here he is back again to discourse upon the same topic in more elaborate terms and with greater eloquence than ever. The common theme, of which these successive statements are but variations, runs as follows: (i) an invocation to the shade of A. E. Housman, professor of Latin in the University of Cambridge; (ii) a condemnation of a type of textual criticism which, he suggests, prefers the 'paleographic method' to that touchstone of 'fitness to the context and propriety to the genius of the author' which the great classical scholar commended; (iii) an appeal to the Rules of Shakespearian Punctuation drawn up by the late Mr. A. E. Thistleton: and (iv) a defence of the F punctuation of Hamlet's 'What a piece of work is a man' as against its punctuation in Q2, or rather an attempt to show that the latter was merely Shakespeare's way of expressing the former. Now it is obvious that this last has been the heart of the matter with Professor Alexander from the start, while I fear the chief cause of his iteration has been the silence of the present writer, who, responsible in the first place for drawing attention to the difference in the punctuation of the two substantive *Hamlet* texts, offered a brief reply to his critic in a book called *The Manuscript of Shakespeare's 'Hamlet'* (1934), but has since said nothing. For this silence Scotland is to blame, for from 1936 to 1946 I was too busy at Edinburgh to keep up a flyting even with an honoured colleague at Glasgow. Moreover, I suspected that, given a little time, others might reply for me. And this, as will be seen, has to some extent happened.

But, let me confess it, one not unimportant reason for hesitation was that while he grew more confident and positive about Shakespearian punctuation, I found myself becoming less so. He concludes the lecture by solemnly adjuring me 'to consider each passage in the light of the document as a whole, and to remember the habits of the man who punctuated it'. To which I can only respond that the first is and has always been the chief aim of my editorial existence, and that I would almost give an eye to be able to do the second. But before one can 'remember' one must know, and though I have now edited twenty-one of Shakespeare's plays from their original 'documents' I know less about 'the habits of the man' as regards punctuation than I thought I did, under the guidance of Percy Simpson and Alfred Pollard, at the beginning. I note too that Greg, despite all Professor Alexander's articles and reviews, remains more agnostic than I am.

Speaking of punctuation in his *Editorial Problem in Shakespeare* (1942), he writes:

We can probably rely on that of the early editions even less than we can on their spelling. If we had the original manuscripts before us we should very likely find the pointing both erratic and deficient. It might at times strike us as effective, but it would probably be unreliable. And as a rule the compositor probably paid little attention to it¹.

If this be so, then the Rules of A. E. Thistleton tell us nothing about Shakespeare, but only something of the habits of his compositors, which indeed is suggested by his admitted preference for the punctuation of the Jaggard *Midsummer-Night's Dream* (1619) to that of the Fisher quarto (1600) from which it was printed. In any case, Thistleton's rules, though interesting, rest on a basis altogether too narrow to be of real help; and I continue to steer my little boats to port with Percy Simpson as pilot. His book contains or implies most that is sound in Thistleton and a good deal more, while my experience with the latest plays I have had to examine, 2 *Henry IV*, *Henry V*, and *Macbeth*, has been sufficiently encouraging to renew a faith, somewhat shaken by the punctuation of some of the comedies, in the substantial rightness of his contention that we have a good playhouse punctuation in many Shakespearian texts. But what I have chiefly learnt from the twenty-one plays is the very great variety of punctuation both in quality and in kind as we pass from one text to another.

Professor Alexander has not reckoned with this variety—how could he, the editing of Shakespeare not having been his job up to the present?—but it has a direct bearing on the subject at issue. I ought, he tells me, 'to consider each passage in the light of the document as a whole', which means, I take it, considering 'What a piece of work is a man' and every other passage in *Hamlet* in the light of the two authentic *Hamlet* documents as a whole, viz. the texts of 1604-5 and 1623. But this is just what I strove to do in that unreadable (and I think little read) book entitled *The Manuscript of Shakespeare's 'Hamlet'*. There I showed, or attempted to show, that whereas Q2 was printed, by an indifferent craftsman, from Shakespeare's 'foul papers', the copy for the F text was a hasty and very inaccurate transcript of a theatre prompt-book, by a scribe who often relied upon his memory of performances. Professor Alexander accepts the first proposition, but has never, I think, defined his attitude to the second or even referred to it, even in a review which denounces my treatment of the F text as 'too hasty'.

Anxious to make the best he can of that text, for the simple reason that his whole case rests upon it, he tends to turn a blind eye to evidence against it. Thus my rather rash assertion that we can hear the voice of Burbage in the F version of 'What a piece of work is a man' he brushes aside as 'an old-fashioned type of theorizing that should be allowed to lapse with the conclusions formerly drawn from it'. Well, I may be altogether wrong in associating this specimen of the F pointing with Burbage's delivery of the line. But I find it a little strange, unreadable as I admit my book to be, that its critic should entirely ignore a long passage in another part of it relating to certain actors' additions in the F text which I claim, on grounds I still think plausible, as 'Burbage's additions to his part'. And not even Professor Alexander himself will, I imagine, assert that Shakespeare was responsible for the notorious 'O,o,o,o' which the F sets on the lips of the dying Hamlet immediately after 'The rest is silence'. Anxious too to put the F *Hamlet*

¹ p. lii.

into good company, he invokes what he calls 'the parallel problem of the relation of the Quarto and Folio texts of 2 *Henry IV*', as recently set forth with admirable skill by Professor Shaaber in the New Variorum edition of that play. These results, as a recently published edition of my own shows, I accept with unimportant modifications; and I am, like others, coming to feel more and more that Ralph Crane had something to do with that and other F texts. But Shaaber does not claim, nor can I admit for a moment, that the F 2 *Henry IV* and the F *Hamlet* are parallels. On the contrary, it would be difficult to find a greater contrast in the Folio than these two texts; and, though both are printed from transcripts, if the same scribe was responsible, all I can say is that there must have been a world of difference between Ralph Crane drunk and Ralph Crane sober. When it is observed, moreover, that this contrast is more marked in the punctuation than in any other respect, Professor Alexander's choice of analogy is seen to be peculiarly unfortunate. Once again he overlooks what I said in 1934; or perhaps he regards as mere prejudice the statement that

The punctuation of the F *Hamlet* is the worst I have so far encountered in any Shakespearian text; worse than that of *Love's Labour's Lost* (Q1) which Capell described as 'enormous bad', and worse than that of *Antony and Cleopatra* (F) which is also very poor.

Yet he must admit there is something seriously wrong with a text when the old Cambridge editors record in their footnotes no less than 75 instances in which they are unable to accept its punctuation, the corresponding figures for 2 *Henry IV* and *Henry V* respectively being about half that.¹ As Professor Alexander furnishes no evidence either in the lecture or in his review of 1936 of having himself examined that punctuation or the punctuation of Q2 as a whole and collated the two, I can only suppose that he has not yet begun to face the real issue.

Editing a play like *Hamlet* means making a very large number of decisions, how many may be guessed from the fact that the list of variants in the dialogue of Q2 and F, apart from punctuation and stage directions, runs to 55 pages of small type in my book. I have never been so foolish as to claim that I am right in every one of these; and so far from claiming that Q2 is always right and F wrong, one of the main purposes of the book was to assert that an editor has a certain freedom to choose between them. This freedom, however, is not absolute: Q2 being the more authoritative text must be considered first, and its readings should not be rejected in favour of F's except on strong grounds, among which that 'fitness to the context and propriety to the genius of the author' Professor Alexander pleads for so eloquently takes of course pride of place; while I hold that its prior rights are peculiarly strong in the sphere of punctuation, not merely because the F pointing is bad as a whole but even more because that of Q2 is remarkably good as a whole. Incidentally, the editor of a modernized text, like 'The New Shakespeare', is somewhat at a disadvantage in discussing punctuation since it is obviously impossible for him to reproduce that of his original except by a kind of rough translation, as I think Professor Alexander will realize if he ever tries to base a modern text of Shakespeare upon the first editions. If, however, he turns to the Cranach *Hamlet*, which was an attempt in 1930 to edit *Hamlet* from the 1604-5 text with a minimum of alteration, i.e. to preserve both spelling and punctuation, except when the compositor in my opinion went astray, he will get a better idea

¹ I should myself regard as impossible some 60 stops in F *Hamlet*, and about a tenth that number in F 2 *Henry IV* and F *Henry V*.

of what can be done with the Q2 punctuation, and will I think agree that it is indeed 'a thing of beauty'. Not that I should now subscribe to all the decisions made in 1930. Some are certainly wrong; for we live and learn, and I have myself learnt much from Professor Alexander's courteous strictures.

The foregoing does not mean that my critic wishes to impugn the Q2 pointing. On the contrary, his argument as regards Hamlet's 'What a piece of work is a man', is, as I said, that both originals are right; the stops in Q2 being Shakespeare's, those in F being the prompter's or perhaps Ralph Crane's, and the two illustrating different modes of expressing the same thing. Let us then have them before us, and try this out.

Q2

What [a] peece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God:

F

What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reason? how infinite in faculty? in forme and mouing how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehension, how like God?

I make no special plea for Q2 here. My attitude towards these particular variants is exactly the same as for every other variant in the text, and I define it in 1934 as follows:—

No F reading, however plausible, however long sanctioned by editorial approval, possesses any rights whatever unless it can be justified in the teeth of the Q2 variant. The latter, even if it makes nonsense, must be considered first of all on its merits, while the former . . . must be held in suspicion¹.

Thus my procedure is the reverse of Professor Alexander's. He begins with F, accepts its reading of 'What a piece of work' as clearly right, i.e. as Shakespeare's, and then tries to secure additional support for it by interpreting Q2 in the light of F; I set F aside until I have given Q2 a fair trial, and if I find it offers a meaning that fits the context as well and is as 'proper to the genius of the author', as that offered by the inferior text, I am content. I do not pretend of course for a moment that all is plain-sailing with Q2; we have always to reckon with the journeyman compositor, whose besetting sin was omission, including the omission of stops. But when a passage from it makes good sense as this does, corruption by the compositor need not and should not be inferred. Still less ought we to resort to a strained, complicated, and improbable interpretation in order to bring it into line with F, when a plain one lies upon the surface and so far from raising difficulties when considered 'in the light of the document as a whole' accords entirely with the rest of Q2's admirable punctuation.

But we must give Professor Alexander a fair trial also. Assuming that F offers the better reading he endeavours to explain that of Q2 by a two-fold assumption. He assumes that the Q2 commas after 'moouing', 'action', and 'apprehension' are what Percy Simpson has called 'commas with inversion', or, as A. E. Thistleton puts it, that they 'mark the pause necessary for effective delivery' following upon a change from 'the direct line of construction' to 'transposition'. He also assumes that these 'commas with inversion' have been combined with

¹ *The Manuscript of Shakespeare's 'Hamlet'*, p. 178.

the omission of what he calls 'external punctuation', i.e. stops of some kind at 'admirable' and 'Angell', to correspond with the queries which stand for exclamation marks in F. Now, no one who has even glanced at the Three Pages contributed by Shakespeare to *Sir Thomas More* could deny that he often omits his stops, especially at the end of the verse line, which of itself implies a slight pause. But except in l. 111, of the Addition, which with its latent and unusual image of a crowd of suppliants walking upon their knees obviously puzzled the book-holder, these omissions never obscure the sense for a second. Nor do those that Professor Alexander quotes from other passages in Q2 *Hamlet*. Perhaps his most striking instance is this from II.2.477-80 (Globe), 459-62 (my text):

Hath now this dread and black complexion smeard,
With heraldy more dismall head to foote,
Now is he totall Gules horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes.

Such punctuation will not, of course, do in a modern text; the unhappy Cambridge University Press wants to sell *some* copies to the 'general reader', so it is no use Professor Alexander hauling me over the coals for altering it. But, long before he did so, I had printed the lines in my Cranach *Hamlet* just as they stand (except for the addition of an unnecessary comma after 'dismall', which I now regret), and they seemed to me then to read perfectly easily with no ambiguity whatsoever. The truth is, the Q2 punctuation, though at first sight strange, gives no trouble after a page or two, but rather increasing delight and surprise. Thus when we reach 'What a piece of work is a man' we accept it without question, since its punctuation is of precisely the same character as that of the rest of the 'document as a whole'. As I cannot print the whole Q2 text here, let me quote another prose passage as an illustration.

Speake the speech I pray you as I pronounc'd¹ it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as liue the towne cryer spoke my lines, nor doe not saw the ayre too much with your hand thus, but vse all gently, for in the very torrent tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it smoothnesse, & it offends mee to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellowe tere a passion to totters, to very rage, to spleet the eares of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe showes, and noyse: I would haue such a fellow whipt for ore-dooing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoide it.

Look now at the disputed passage 'in the light of' this.

What [a] peece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like God.

Comma after comma as before, and all quite obvious and plain-sailing. Had we nothing but the Q2 text, who would have found any difficulty in this, still less have suspected that it contained three inversions and a couple of omissions?

No, grant the professor's primary assumption that F gives us the better reading, an assumption we shall presently examine, the first of his two secondary assumptions might perhaps pass muster; but to ask us to swallow both together

¹ Q2 prints 'pronoun'd'.

is to ask too much of human credulity. He and I agree that Shakespeare was responsible for the Q2 punctuation as a whole, i.e. that Shakespeare expected the company's prompter or book-holder to interpret it. Does he really think that functionary could possibly have guessed that stops were omitted after 'admirable' and 'Angell'? I seem to hear him reply, with his finger on the F reading, 'Not guess? He shall, he must, you see he doth!' and ask, as in fact he does in his lecture, 'Why should we suppose that Burbage delivered these lines in any other way than that indicated by Shakespeare himself?' To which, if I hear him aright, I reply in turn, with my finger on that damning 'O,o,o,o',

It must not be. . . .

'Twill be recorded as a precedent,
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the text.

Indeed, I still believe that Burbage may be the culprit and interpreted the lines from the beginning as F points them, if Mr. Kane is right in insisting (*R.E.S.* XIV, 67-8) that there is a connexion one way or the other between the F rhythm and that of the last lines of Mendoza's apostrophe to woman in Marston's *Malcontent* (end of I. 5). Or the change was perhaps made by the prompter, who shows himself high-handed enough with Shakespeare's intentions elsewhere, as the difference between the F and Q2 stage-directions shows. But one thing seems to me certain, viz. that whoever was responsible for the F pointing did not and could not have derived it from the punctuation of the author as revealed in Q2. Not that I suppose either Burbage or the prompter to have been guilty of the F punctuation in general; for, as I wrote in 1934, 'It is quite impossible to believe that the F punctuation of *Hamlet* as it stands was ever prompt-copy punctuation.'¹

But it is time to take this case to a higher court, the ultimate court of appeal, though one not accessible until judgement has been passed in the lower; I mean that which deals with the sense and style of the passage on trial. Here we two advocates might argue long without getting much further. He finds, for example, much to say on behalf of the F 'how infinite in faculty! in forme and mooving how expresse and admirable!' while I found much to say in 1934, which I still think holds good in 1946, in behalf of the Q2 'how infinit in faculties, in forme and mooving, how expresse and admirable in Action'; and there is little point in repeating it all here. So far, we are in the realm of what I have called 'variants of more or less equal weight'. It is when we come to the lines which crown the whole, to 'in Action, how like an Angell! in apprehension, how like a God!' (F) and 'how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God' (Q2) that our difference grows serious.

I claimed that 'how like an Angell in apprehension' is paralled in 'wings as swift As meditation' (1.5.29-30), and quoted from Aquinas to show that it was in the best tradition of scholastic thought, while I suggested that in 'how like a God' we could hear the voice of the Renaissance. Professor Alexander counters by remarking that 'The Elizabethans were no deep students of Aquinas' and that I do not trouble to say 'what Aquinas would have thought of the phrase "how like a God"'. Few Elizabethans no doubt read the *Summa Theologica*; I never supposed that they did. Yet Aquinas and his masters Augustine and Aristotle were, for all that, the chief architects of the universe in which the Elizabethan mind moved, as every fresh study of the Elizabethan climate of opinion,

¹ *The Manuscript of Shakespeare's Hamlet*, p. 195.

mostly published in America, renders more evident¹. That the bulk of Shakespeare's contemporaries, who thought at all, thought of spirits—angels and demons alike—as discarnate intelligences is certain; and it surprises one to find Professor Alexander, who is very ready, when it suits his book, to claim Shakespeare as something of a student, now arguing that he 'obviously took' the 'popular and pictorial view of angels'. Not that the 'popular' and 'philosophical' views were as incompatible as he seems to imagine, inasmuch as, though immaterial, angelic beings possessed a spiritual corporeity, which was of course wholly different in character from our 'muddy vesture of decay'. In any case, he will surely allow a little 'philosophy' to the student of Wittenberg, if not to his creator; enough at least to have glanced through the first book of *The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, where under 'Laws which Angels obey' he might read that angels 'are spirits immaterial and intellectual'. And if he read on he would have found in the same chapter this upon the action of angels:

Angelical actions may therefore be reduced unto these three general kinds: first, most delectable love arising from the visible apprehension of the purity, glory, and beauty of God, invisible saving only unto spirits that are pure: secondly, adoration grounded upon the evidence of the greatness of God, on whom they see how all things depend: thirdly, imitation, bred by the presence of his exemplary goodness, who ceaseth not before them daily to fill heaven and earth with the rich treasures of most free and undeserved grace (Bk. I, ch. IV).

From which it is manifest that according to Hooker the angels live by contemplation of the Supreme Being in whose presence they continually dwell, and that all their actions are but effects of this contemplation. It is also manifest, to me at least, that to liken human action to action of this nature is meaningless.

It is in apprehension, not in action, that we can claim to partake of the angelic character. For, as Hooker once again tells us,

In the matter of knowledge there is between the angels of God and the children of men this difference: angels already have full and complete knowledge in the highest degree that can be imparted to them; men, if we view them in their spring, are at the first without understanding or knowledge at all. Nevertheless from this utter vacuity they grow by degrees, till they come at length to be even as the angels themselves are (Bk. I, ch. VI).

And if Shakespeare, reading still further, came upon the sentence: 'The rule of ghostly or immaterial natures, as spirits and angels, is their intuitive intellectual judgment concerning the amiable beauty and high goodness of that object, which with unspeakable joy and delight doth set them on to work' (Bk I, ch. VIII, par. 4), would he not instantly recognize the heavenly counterpart of his own poetic apprehension and of 'the unspeakable joy and delight' which he received from its exercise?

But let me turn to 'How like a God', which I cannot help suspecting is the real stumbling-block to my friend's acceptance of the Q2 passage in its obvious meaning, and the spur that has from 1931 onwards pricked the sides of his intent in these successive onslaughts upon it. Am I right? Does he think it savours of impiety, or at the least of a Marlovian insolence, which he shrinks from attributing

¹ I am interested to observe that at least two of these cite Hamlet's speech, as punctuated in Q2, in illustration of their argument. See Theodore Spencer, *Shakespeare and the Nature of Man*, 1943, p. 100, and Max Deutschbein, 'What is this Quintessence of Dust?', *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, 1934.

to the Shakespeare of his dreams? If so, then I submit his apprehension has been insufficiently angelical. For the notion of man's resemblance to his Maker is of a most ancient and respectable origin. 'So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him', I read in the first chapter of the first book of Moses, called *Genesis*. And this resemblance is of course one of the pillars of medieval and renaissance thought about human nature. To go no further than Hooker again, here are his ideas on the matter, too long to quote at length, as summarized by Hardin Craig, in that admirable guide to the intellectual furniture of Shakespeare which he calls *The Enchanted Glass* (1936):—

All earthly things are endowed with a desire which leads them to seek after perfection and goodness. Man resembles God in His manner of working and seeks naturally to attain the perfection of God. Not only so, but what we do as men we do wittingly and freely; for knowledge and will, both attributes of God, are the two principal fountains of human action.¹

But, to use the words of another American scholar, what is new in Renaissance thought, and what, I add, we can hear in the accents of the Prince of Denmark, is 'a peculiar emotional exaltation, a wild surmise as of the discoverer'² with which man's divine likeness is affirmed. Nowhere is this affirmation more eloquent than in Pico della Mirandola's famous *Oratio de Hominis Dignitate*. And one passage from this, which I quote in the translation that Pater long since gave us, is peculiarly relevant to the present issue.

It is a commonplace of the schools that man is a little world, in which we may discern a body mingled of earthly elements, and ethereal breath, and the vegetable life of plants, and the sense of the lower animals, and reason, and the intelligence of angels, and a likeness to God.³

When I stumbled on that in re-reading *The Renaissance* a few years ago I could have beaten myself; for there I could not doubt, staring me in the face, was the source, direct or indirect, of Hamlet's speech on Man—including 'the paragon of animals' and the 'quintessence of dust'—and I had missed it all this time! But the words I would particularly stress here are 'It is a common-place of the schools'; that is, not something out-of-the way or sceptical or half-blasphemous, but just the sort of thing a university student of an idealistic turn of mind might have picked up at Wittenberg.

This will not persuade Professor Alexander, any more than he will persuade me; for we are far gone in each other's book for obduracy and persistency. But I could not let him win his case by default; and if I have been long in taking up his challenge, let him recollect that his lecture is the latest of four in which I have been butchered to make a bean-feast in Burlington Gardens, and the first to be answered. Perhaps I shall some day find time to reply to the others.

J. DOVER WILSON.

¹ *The Enchanted Glass*, p. 24-5. Though written before and published almost simultaneously with Lovejoy's *Great Chain of Being*, which is the source of most subsequent books on the subject, Hardin Craig's is still, I think, the best and most complete treatment of thought in Shakespeare's England.

² W.C. Curry, *Shakespeares Philosophical Patterns*, 1937, p. 14.

³ Walter Pater, *The Renaissance* (5th ed. 1919), p. 40.

Elizabethan and Jacobean By F. P. WILSON. Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. 1945. Pp. viii+144. 7s. 6d. net.

The present small volume consists of the Alexander Lectures in English which Professor Wilson delivered in University College at the University of Toronto in 1943; he has expanded the material considerably for publication. He begins by stressing the fact that the Elizabethans and the Jacobeans shared a common heritage concerning man's relationship to God, to nature and to morality; his second chapter discusses the differences between the two generations. The rest of the book shows how the similarities and differences are reflected in Prose, Poetry, Drama and the work of Shakespeare. It is an ambitious programme for so brief a compass, but Professor Wilson unpretentiously crowds a great deal of information into his few pages, and he treats the large and important issues that confront him with both tact and restraint so that it is a pleasure to read him.

He has no strikingly original thesis to present, and he has taken full advantage (always with due acknowledgment) of the various studies in criticism and intellectual history which in recent years have treated his period. He does not use these studies, however, without reservation, for his wide knowledge of the literature, combined with a great deal of common sense, allows him to correct some of the exaggerations and misconceptions, especially about the early seventeenth century, which have lately been part of the critical atmosphere. For example (like Professor Douglas Bush, in his recent *English Literature in the Seventeenth Century*), he warns us against believing that the Jacobean age is to be chiefly distinguished from the Elizabethan by its pessimism; 'the insistence on Jacobean "pessimism"', he observes, 'is due to a too exclusive attention to Jacobean tragedy and the poetry of Donne'. This is a useful corrective to the over-emphasis on pessimism (though it does not take into account such works as Godfrey Goodman's *Fall of Man* [1616]) which has been prevalent in a good deal of recent critical writing. It is only one illustration of the balanced and sensible way in which Professor Wilson judges his evidence throughout.

Yet the present reviewer is somewhat troubled, in spite of its admirable qualities, by what appears to him as a divided intention in this book. There are, among others, two possible ways to treat a period such as Professor Wilson has chosen; it can be treated as a subject for literary history, and it can be treated as a subject for critical analysis. Mr. Wilson combines the two methods with results that are not always satisfactory. What happens, for example, is that when he gives us an account of Drayton—an excellent account—it exists by itself, for its own sake, without sufficient reference to the distinctions and discriminations he has made between the Elizabethan and the Jacobean states of mind. It is a piece of pure literary history. The same thing is partly true of his final chapter on Shakespeare. It is an admirable chapter, almost a tour-de-force of condensation and sensitive perception, but it is not clearly related to the earlier part of the book. In the first half of it, to be sure, Professor Wilson frequently speaks of the 'Elizabethan and the Jacobean Shakespeare' and of the differences between them, but as he discusses the later plays we increasingly see Shakespeare as an isolated phenomenon, unconnected with the characteristics of the Jacobean generation. What, we ask, is the relation between the 'reverberations of Shakespeare's latest verse', which 'give a sense of timelessness, of a spiritual world beyond place and time' (p. 130), to the Jacobean or baroque concern with 'the attempt to express and enhance elapsing moments of ever-changing Nature rather than the idea of Nature as a perennial reality' (p. 26)? Isn't there a contradiction here which

needs to be analyzed or explained if Shakespeare is to be thoroughly understood as the epitome of his time? The question is important, but Professor Wilson does not ask it, and the reader is somewhat disappointed in consequence.

This, however, is the only adverse criticism to be made against the book. In all other respects it is a most able piece of work. The illustrative quotations are either new or newly applied, the style is finely adjusted to its purpose, the generalizations are wise. Anyone concerned with the fascinating period it discusses will read it with genuine profit.

THEODORE SPENCER.

Christopher Smart. A Biographical and Critical Study. By EDWARD G. AINSWORTH and CHARLES E. NOYES. (University of Missouri Studies, vol. XVIII, no. 4.) Columbia: University of Missouri. 1943. Pp. 164. \$1.50.

Smart has always been a 'case': only the charity of Samuel Johnson seems to have been able to embrace him as a fellow-man ('I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society.'), and even this could not stretch to including him in the *Lives*. For Christopher Hunter, Smart's nephew, who published the 'collected' edition of 1791, he was something of a family skeleton; so 'A Song to David' had to be omitted because of its 'irregularities', and when Anderson, whose 'life' is the only work before McKenzie's to show the least penetration of Smart's poetic quality, came to collect the poems again in 1799 he could find only a few stanzas of it. A case he remained for the nineteenth century, though now it was a literary rather than a social one. Browning, who is followed by Edmund Gosse and Laurence Binyon, saw him as the poet of a solitary poetic experience, then 'the untransfigured man resumed sobriety'—the last word is singularly infelicitous. W. F. Stead rendered a great service in publishing the 'Jubilate Agno' in 1938, yet even he seems to have looked upon it as a curiosity rather than a contribution to literature, and to have had qualms about the good taste of exposing the outpourings of a deranged mind. With the exceptions of Edmund Blunden and Middleton Murry, whose writings on Smart are all too slight, no one has come forward to show that the poet of 'Ethelinda' and the *Hilliad* is essentially the poet of the 'Song'.

One wishes that the late Professor Ainsworth and his pupil Mr. Noyes had succeeded where others have failed. In many ways their work is an invaluable contribution. It is splendidly documented: it pieces together all the information we have about Smart, including much that was unknown to McKenzie: it goes a long way to fix the dates of Smart's 'illnesses' and confinement: above all, it accepts (rightly, I am sure) the attribution to Smart of the *Benedicite Paraphrased* (1746). This may well be the first step towards a new appreciation; for if a poem which shows promise of the 'Song' was published before Smart left Cambridge it should not be difficult to dispose of the myth of the scribbler with the unique flash of inspiration.

Nevertheless, Smart in this study remains obstinately fragmentary. The man's vanity is there, his anobbery, his friendliness, his irresponsibility; but not his poetry. The authors are concerned with the sexual precocity of the verses to 'Ethelinda', but not with the obvious poetic skill with which the amatory commonplace is handled. In their own way they are too ready to endorse Browning's verdict: Smart for them remains a 'case'.

NORMAN CALLAN.

The Vigil of Venus, Pervigilium Veneris. The Latin Text with an Introduction and Translation by ALLEN TATE. U.S.A.: the Cummings Press. 1943. (No pagination. Edition limited to 430 copies, 30 lettered A to DD and signed by the translator on Charta all-rag paper, and the others numbered on signature printed at Cummings, Massachusetts.) \$ 2.50.

Mr. Tate has written a charming poem: may it be forgiven this reader if, for him, that poem is not the *Pervigilium Veneris*. It is not a question of the accuracy of the rendering (any rendering is bound to be free): it is the antiphonal quality of the Latin which is missing, or rather, which has been replaced by another quality, lighter, more intricate and intellectual.

illa cantat, nos tacemus: quando ver venit meum?
quando fiam uti chelidon ut tacere desinam?
perdidi musam tacendo, nec me Apollo respicit:
sic Amyclas, cum tacerent, perdidit silentium.

The effectiveness of this seems to lie in the firm way in which one word echoes another in the previous line. Mr. Tate's poetry is less obvious, more tentative:

She sings, we are silent. When will my spring come?
Shall I find my voice when I shall be as the swallow?
Silence destroyed the Amyclae: they were dumb.
Silent I lost the muse. Return Apollo.

The last exhausted cadence is moving, but as unlike the Latin as anything could be. In fact, though his attitude is understandable, Mr. Tate has perhaps fought too shy of Swinburne and 'Locksley Hall' in handling the septenarius. The rhythms of the *Pervigilium* are nothing if not obvious, and certainly as accentual as many of the later medieval hymns.

But we have no right to demand that Mr. Tate should give us one thing when he has given us something else. Latin is Latin, even when it is not that of Catullus or Vergil; and it may well be that an attempt to reproduce its effect in English is bound to fail, in which case Mr. Tate was right in not making the attempt. The following illustrates the quality of his verse:

Tomorrow's the day when the prime Zeus made love:
Out of lightning foam shot deep in the heaving sea
(Witnessed by green crowds of finny horses)
Dione rising and falling he made to be!

The publishers are to be thanked, too, for giving us such a beautifully printed text.

NORMAN CALLAN.

Major Adjectives in English Poetry from Wyatt to Auden. By JOSEPHINE MILES. (University of California Publications in English, vol. XII, no. 3.) Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press; London: Cambridge University Press. 1946. Pp. 299-426. \$ 1.25.

In this book the author 'undertakes to make plain, in the prose of the text and the figures of the tables, some major frequencies and functions of adjectives in English poetry'. Unfortunately Miss Miles's prose makes nothing plain. When it speaks of Keats, 'whose emphasis though interior was still scenic', of Wordsworth, who 'represents the direction of sense-emotion emphasis in terms', or of

the poetry of Wyatt, 'wherein both positive and negative terms are major, and are interallied', it acts like a dense fog upon a familiar street; and when it leads us away from that street into the unknown, we are lost indeed: 'From the general character of the adjectives in a thousand lines of verse, then, we gain substantiations of the descriptive speculations already risen from a poem, on the one hand, and a total vocabulary list, on the other'.

Such a style naturally casts doubts upon Miss Miles's capacity to analyse anything so delicately adjusted to its meaning as the language of poetry. The figures in her tables, of course, speak for themselves, and the lists she provides of the ten descriptive adjectives and the ten 'major words' which occur most often in the works of a number of poets, are models of lucidity and precision. Equally clear are the percentages she has worked out of adjectives in the vocabulary of 'an early and characteristic thousand lines' by each poet. But what do such figures tell us? Statistics at best have a very limited application. They cannot do the work of a sensitive, informed mind; indeed, since the whole of a poem is never expressed in the sum of its parts, they can only follow like shadows where the critical judgment leads. We may be prepared to welcome their assistance but we require, quite rightly, that this shall not conflict with the findings of our sensibility. If Miss Miles's arithmetic serves only to support conclusions which any good reader will have reached for himself merely by reading, we can scarcely ask it to do more; figures showing that Wyatt and Donne used an average of 7 adjectives per 10 lines whereas Spenser and Milton used 12, or that 70 per cent of Spenser's adjectives are descriptive but only 55 per cent of Donne's, will provoke no critic to fiery dispute, and are the more acceptable for that reason.

To be interesting, a study of adjectives in poetry must concern itself with something beyond the power of arithmetic to determine, with the uses to which they are put and their contribution to the poet's meaning as a whole. Of this Miss Miles is certainly aware, but the obscurity of her style merely adds to the difficulties of an already difficult subject. It is only occasionally—as, for example, when she points out that *good* and *great* change their reference as time passes, modifying feelings in Wyatt, the physical world in Donne, and the social world in Pope, or when she shows how the vicissitudes of *good* and *bright* reflect a shift from an ethical to an æsthetic vocabulary in poetry—that we catch a glimpse of the book she might have written.

ROSEMARY FREEMAN

Freudianism and the Literary Mind. By FREDERICK J. HOFFMAN. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press. 1945. Pp. x+346. \$4.00.

Dr. Hoffman has written a very useful book, commanding respect by its careful procedure and temperate conclusions. It is more than a study of the impact of Freudianism on the literary world of America and on certain selected figures of international literary importance, such as James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Franz Kafka and Thomas Mann; it is intended to be read also as an 'anatomy of influence'. Dr. Hoffman takes nothing for granted. He scrutinizes the circumstances that conduced to the spread of Freudianism, the agencies through which it was effected, and the modifications and distortions which must affect a body of philosophic theory and psychological practice when it gets loose from the control of specialists and, often in a fragmentary state and by imperfect oral transmission, comes into the hands of the general public. His first chapter gives a

selective summary of the theories and practices of psychoanalysis, emphasizing those aspects of Freud's work to which the literary world was most easily attracted, especially the ideas put into currency by *The Interpretation of Dreams* and *Three Contributions to a Theory of Sex*. There follows a historical account of the spread of these ideas and of the reception of them by the English and especially the American literary world, leading up to a summary of the principal suggestions that Freudianism has provided for literary exploitation.

Unlike discoveries in physics or astronomy, the new 'science' dealt directly with human materials and was immediately applicable to the daily lives of those who came in contact with it. For the same reason, it was also immediately available to the creative artist, deepening and complicating his conception of motives and situations, and providing him with a set of psychological terms, not always accurately used, and with a new technical device in the form of the dream. Dr. Hoffman ranges in these chapters from the serious student to the faddist, from the utterances of the pulpit and the press to the 'psyching' parties in Greenwich Village. Freudianism gave a sanction and a method to the post-war revolt of the young intellectual against the ethical framework of a civilization that seemed to him to have collapsed. It was 'made to order for his personal revolt against tradition'. It was his chief weapon against 'Puritanism'. During the 'twenties the 'mania psychologica' raged, to be submerged in the 'thirties by Marxism, when the slump of 1929 swung the protest from the ethical to the economic structure of society. Those who continued to occupy themselves with Freudianism in the thirties were capable of giving it a more serious consideration and of testing its permanent contribution to the intellectual life of their times; among these were the writers, who remained deeply interested in Freud's Unconscious and in the subliminal sources of human behaviour.

It was not Freud's conception of art that was of value to them; for Freud, the artist is a neurotic, finding in his art 'substitutive gratification' for his thwarted desires, and helping to soften the impact of the 'reality-principle' for his readers. From this point of view the creative act becomes 'a subjective means of avoiding rather than an objective plan for shaping reality'. The artist does not submit to this impoverishing view of his activity, and it is one of Dr. Hoffman's great merits, and a main source of the value of his book, that he freely concedes, even insists on, the autonomy of the artist during the act of creation. He is then master, accountable only to his own vision. Whatever influences played on him in the 'sociological and ethical past' which preceded this 'aesthetic present', only those will operate during that moment which are relevant to his idea and appropriate to his interests.

In the studies of individual writers that constitute nearly two-thirds of the book Dr. Hoffman approaches his subjects biographically, endeavouring to establish when and how they encountered Freudianism, refusing to lay weight on mere similarity of subject-matter, and always allowing for the possible 'parallel activity' of native talent and experience. It is impossible to epitomize the dense material and scrupulous discrimination of these chapters, even by transcribing Dr. Hoffman's own very neat summaries. A few indications can be given. In the case of D. H. Lawrence he concludes that Freud was no more than 'an irritant or gadfly', whom Lawrence was capable of misunderstanding; with him everything comes back to personal experience, and *Sons and Lovers* was written before he knew Freud. Thomas Mann, on the other hand, is a careful student of Freud, the only great writer to show a sustained interest in

his later application of his theory to anthropology, and the Joseph stories may be called an æsthetic development of Freud's theories of the racial Unconscious. Even where the artist has been deeply and avowedly influenced by Freud, his product is still widely different from a case history or a clinical investigation. *Ulysses* is not a document of the Unconscious, but a literary representation, under rigid control, of the repressed materials that exist within it; and the unqualified psychoanalytical explanation of Kafka's work is 'too easy' to be completely satisfactory. Moreover, the artist's aim is not necessarily curative, as is that of the practising psychoanalyst. He may be too deeply fascinated by the dark complexities of his Freudian view of the human soul to wish to see them dissolve in the light of reason. Thus Conrad Aiken's heroes cling to their original identities, refuse to relinquish their tragic view of themselves, and go to their doom.

Dr. Hoffman's book presents itself primarily as a well-organized body of fact and illustration, impressive in its fulness of reference and wariness of interpretation. The complex and changing background of social and political conditions, in which the new gospel spread, is never forgotten, and one may see how a theory that won its first acceptance among artists, because it appeared as a sharp attack on rationalism, came to be both valued and criticised because of its too close adherence to rationality; for Mann sees in psychoanalysis a science of control whereby the irrational id may be reformed by the 'reclamation work' of the ego, while Waldo Frank discerns in Freud the last of the nineteenth-century rationalists, whose heroic but tragically insufficient view of life can never envisage organic wholeness because it overstresses the rational and will not allow for the mystical vision in the Unconscious. Of special literary interest are Dr. Hoffman's accounts of the influence of psychoanalysis on æsthetics and on literary form. The effect of psychoanalysis on the language and the method of the creative artist is a recurrent theme in his studies of individual writers. In addition, there is interesting information about the Paris group of American writers who produced *Transition* (1927) and expressed the conviction that 'rational communication' was too superficial to convey the truth and must be supplemented by the 'language of the night-life'; about the treatment of language in dreams and James Joyce's instructed application of the same phenomena for the purposes of his art; about the relations between surrealism and psychoanalysis, ultimately antagonistic, since the surrealists wished to inhabit the Unconscious, not to reclaim it, and about the development of the 'stream of consciousness' novel and the different depths at which this method can be practised.

The book is cool and humane in temper; the complex and inter-relating aspects of the subject are marshalled with lucidity and with as little repetition as possible. Dr. Hoffman's epitomes, sub-divisions, analyses and historical enquiries never blunt his sense of the human bearings of his subject-matter; nor does he ever 'write them up'. A discreet and valuable book.

J. M. S. TOMPKINS.

The Oxford Dictionary of English Christian Names. Compiled by E. G. WITHYCOMBE. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1945. Pp. xxxvi+136. 7s. 6d. net.

Everyone interested in names will be grateful to Miss Withycombe and to the publishers for this much-needed little dictionary, distinguished from its many predecessors by the wealth of original documentary material upon which it is

based. The historical notes on the evolution of form and fashion since the Middle Ages are its outstanding contribution. A review of restricted length cannot attempt to do justice to the great many illuminating articles, and one or two examples must serve to give some impression of how the names are discussed.

Analysis of church records shows that *John*, rare in western Europe until after the first Crusades, reached its present predominance—which it shares with *William*—as late as the seventeenth century; and that *Mary*, which first appears in English as a Christian name at the end of the twelfth century, attained its greatest favour in the middle of the eighteenth, when nearly a fifth of English girls were so baptized. Among less usual names, *Annabel* and *Arabella* are both shown to have been first recorded in Scotland during the twelfth century, when *Anne* was almost unknown there, and both are tentatively derived by dissimilation from *Amabel*.

On the etymological side the problems of derivation from many sources are faced with confidence, and almost all the suggested explanations carry conviction; but certain details are hastily expressed. A few examples are: *Ethelinda* 'from' OGer *Adallindis*; 'OE *Hreodbeorht* corresponding to OGer *Hrodebert*'; OE *Æthelstane* and *Æthelthrythe* shown with final -e. (Quantities are unfortunately not marked, nor are hypothetical forms starred except for two instances of Celtic **kmo*.) Other OE forms are oddly chosen: *bryht* is adduced as the second element of *Egbert*, though *beorht* is given in other names.

This last draws attention to a blemish which it is perhaps not merely pedantic to wish away. Throughout the dictionary Germanic forms especially are spelt, and sometimes interpreted, quite inconsistently. *Wald* alternates with *vald*, *wulfa* with *wolfa* and *vulf*, *berhta* with *beraht* and so on, for no imaginable reason. Under *Siegfried* the second element is given uniquely as *frithja*, elsewhere normally *frithu*. (A similar carelessness appears in spelling *Kosmos* and *Damianos* on p. 34 compared with *Cosmas* and *Damianus* on p. 35.) Under *Godric*, *ric* is translated 'powerful', elsewhere 'rule'. More seriously, in the article on *Emma* the element *Ermin-* is translated 'whole', 'universal', while under *Ermytrude* it is simply 'the name of a demigod'. *Emery* is derived from 'OGer *Emmerich*, compound of some element from the stem *Im-*, *Em-*'; but under *Almeric* it is attributed to *Amalricus*, compound of *amal* 'work'. Under *Fredegonde* we are referred only to 'the common second element *gunthi*', which under *Radegund* appears as *gundi* and is translated 'famous', but not expressly distinguished from *gundi* 'war' under *Gunther* and elsewhere. Most surprising of all, under *Saer*, *Sayer* we find: 'OGer *Sigiheri* (OE *Sigehere*), compound of *sigu* "writing" and *harja* "the host" or "people"'; though otherwise *sigu* and its cognates are translated 'victory' as we should expect. This ghost-word can surely hardly be other than a printer's misreading of the manuscript.

Etymologically, too, this article leaves much unsaid. Of the forms quoted the oldest are *Sagar(us)* and *Segar(us)*—which are in *Domesday Book* although Miss Withycombe does not say so—and the others are *Saer* (1200), *Saerus*, *Sayer* (1273) and *Sagard* (1306). The predominance of *Sa-* as the first syllable of these examples requires some fuller comment than the bald attribution to *Sigiheri*. *Sigar(us)* and *Saiardus* might also have been quoted from DB, as well as *Sager*, *Säger* and *Segar* from eleventh-century charters in the Exeter Book. The prevailing -*gar* in the second syllable of the early forms is also striking, for -*heri* usually appears as -*er* as in *Walter*. As Mr. Kökeritz has pointed out (in *Namn och bygd*, 1938), inconsistent AN spelling can be somewhat too readily accepted as an explanation

of anomalies. *Sagar* (and other DB names like *Samar*, *Saulf*) might be thought rather to embody a first element equivalent to *Sæ-*, *Sā-* in OE names like *Sæbeorht*, *Sēbeorht*; and the second element looks like the common *gār*.

Other questionable etymologies occur under *Gunther*, the second element of which is given as *hardu*, though **harja*, *heri* is usually accepted; and *Averil*, where the second part is said to be 'probably' OE *hyld* 'favour' but is much more probably *hild* 'battle'. (The OE 'favour' is anyhow *hyldu*.)

In a short dictionary it is admittedly difficult to disentangle the relations of kindred forms or to explain divergent vowel developments. Thus *Kenward* is referred to OE *Kenweard* (sic), *Kinborough* to OE *Cyneburh* but *Kenrick* to OE *Cynric*, with no comment. Under *Ethelred* the form *Edred* quoted from DB might better be assigned to OE *Eadred*, and under *Ethelbert* forms like *Albert* and *Albrict* might equally be referred to *Albert*. When there is room for doubt whether modern names of Germanic origin are survivals of OE forms or Norman importations Miss Withycombe probably rightly prefers the latter view almost everywhere, while allowing for reinforcement by the native tradition; but her decisions sometimes seem capricious: *Reynold* is assigned to OE *Regemœald* reinforced by the French derivatives of OGer *Raganald*, but *Reynard* to Norman forms of *Raganhard* only. There are passages, too, in which more information on the existence of corresponding OE forms would have been of interest. For example the *Liber Vitae* contains over thirty instances of forms like *albercht*, *alberht*, four of *wilhelm* and eight of *bōtuulf*; and this last, supported by several other names with the same first element—e.g. *bōthelm*, *bōtuini*—might have been adduced under *Botolf* beside the OGer *Bodoloff*, *Bodolev* for which Miss Withycombe suggests a Slav origin. *Bardolph* is alleged to occur only once in OE; yet there are nearly thirty examples of *Beorhtwulf* in various forms in LV alone. But LV is mentioned only once in the book, to cite the form *Æthilu* for *Ethel*—and here Sweet gives *edilu*. Under *Aylmer* and *Aylwin* more might have been made of the access of *Ægel-* forms in the eleventh century, especially in the D, E and F manuscripts of the Chronicle.

Though, as the names mentioned above show, Miss Withycombe casts her net widely there are still some names which may be thought worthy of a place in a second edition. A few such candidates are *Ailsa*, *Clementine*, *Clifford*, *Dorian*, *Graham*, *Ivan*, *Keith*, *Lester*, *Megan*, *Mervyn*, *Stewart* or *Stuart*, *Thelma*, *Trevor*, *Vernon*—and perhaps *Winston*. An interesting appendix lists some common words derived from Christian names, but omits *Uncle Sam*, *Doubting Thomas*, *Peeping Tom* and *nanny* in both senses. The admirably clear introduction covers concisely, in a pleasant style, most aspects of the general history of personal names.

There are one or two slips. Tolstoy would not 'in general be addressed as *Lyoff Nikolaieff*' but as *Lyoff Nikolaievitch*; 'hope' in Russian is not *Nadesna* but *Nadezhda*; French *Geneviève* has no acute accent on the first two e's, as twice printed; for *Njalassaga* (under *Nigel*) read *Njálssaga*; and under *Enoch Methuselah* would be preferable to *Methusalem*, which OED says 'still survives in vulgar use'. Of the half-dozen misprints noticed *principal* for *principle* on p. xi is the most important.

NORMAN DAVIS.

Darwinism in the English Novel, 1860-1910. The Impact of Evolution on Victorian Fiction. By LEO J. HENKIN. New York City: Corporate Press, Inc. 1940. Pp. 303. \$3.00.

The value of this book depends on the value of Darwinism. Was the great biologist's contribution to evolution also a contribution to culture? That is to say, has he enlarged our idea of ourselves, quickened our perceptions, given us a firmer grasp on destiny, added zest to that inward creative energy which Nicholas Berdyaev calls the spirit? Has his influence brought into relief an aspect of nineteenth-century humanism worth our serious consideration?

Many answers have already been made to these questions (of some of which Dr. Henkin is apparently unaware), but generally in the service of science, theology, humanism or philosophy. No one seemed to have thought it worth while to trace the history of the theory in the opinions, habits, and self-direction of ordinary folk in every-day life, in other words, in the novel, probably because there was enough data available in the actual biographies, correspondence and *ana* of scientists and clergymen. But university faculties in English abhor a vacuum, and so, in the fulness of time, a young lecturer has given himself the scholar's task of assessing and systematizing the novels which would not have been written, or would have been written quite otherwise, except for the geologist and biologist who himself hated novels.

Dr. Henkin has certainly done his work thoroughly. He has unearthed dozens and dozens of books. Nor does he merely record them as a bibliographer might do. He revives the story and (except when uncalled for) conducts the hero or heroine through the old phases and adventures foreshortened and selected to suit the point of view. Thus the Victorian world gathers round us again, pre-occupied with perplexities which perplex us no more. These summaries are executed with neatness and judgment; and in some cases the abridgment is also a commentary and throws new light on the book. The review of *The Way of all Flesh* is a striking example; a definite corrective of the current opinions rather loosely held on Butler's best piece of work. Even more frequently Dr. Henkin revives books long lost to the public—not even to be found in lending libraries—perhaps the one stray copy rescued from the dustiest shelf in our grandfather's study; for instance *The Law and the Lady*.

Was this research worth while? The sub-title to the book is *Impact on Victorian Fiction*. Was there also an impact on Victorian literature? In certain cases, yes. But these are the novels connected with such names as W. H. White, Disraeli, Kingsley, Peacock, Reade, Mrs. H. Ward, Gissing, George Moore, Olive Schreiner. The list is respectable; well worth a specialist's attention. But had Dr. Henkin confined himself to the examination of prose fiction, his essay, despite its industry and acumen, would hardly have been worth serious discussion. Like so many academic theses, it would have led nowhere.

Fortunately the critic has not so confined himself. He has compiled several intervening chapters, which give the reader a bird's eye view of the origin and progress of the doctrine behind the novels, each stage in the controversy inspiring its own peculiar type of fiction. These sketches are executed with the same scholarly neatness, and are admirably balanced. Though Darwinism is his theme it is by no means his obsession. Buffon, Kant and Laplace are mentioned; he pays due tribute to Robert Chambers, Erasmus Darwin and Lyell. Herbert Spencer and Haeckel are noted, though too lightly dismissed. He insists that Darwin was neither the founder nor prophet of evolution, but rather the *savant*

who added a cogent reason for believing in it, and thereby accidentally invalidated the cosmology of the Bible. In fact he hardly makes enough of his hero. He forgets Huxley's confession (chapter contributed to *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*) that in 1858 'within the ranks of biologists I met nobody, except Dr. Grant of University College, who had a word to say for Evolution—and his advocacy was not calculated to advance the cause'. Besides, since Dr. Henkin has a sense of humour and brightens his narrative with the now historic anecdotes of the controversy, he might have noted that Darwin was bound to become the figure-head because he appealed to the imagination. Compare Spencer's definition of evolution in *First Principles* with Darwin's message of Apes for ancestors and the worm as man's best friend (*Formation of Vegetable Mould*).

Of course there are other regrettable omissions. Since the author introduces the picturesque though pathetic figure of Bishop Wilberforce, he might have recalled the part played by that well-intentioned ecclesiastic in dismissing the clergy in his diocese who paltered with the truth of the Bible. A few instances of that persecution would have added realism to his chapters on 'Theology versus Evolution' and 'Loss of Faith through Evolution'. Since he brings in the name of Zola, he might have added a few sentences on *Le Docteur Pascal*, not the Frenchman's best-written novel, but the final summary of his attitude to science; at any rate more comprehensive and dispassionate than Ibsen's *Ghosts*, which Dr. Henkin does not overlook.

Both the study of the novels and of the theories behind them are well done, as far as the author wished to go. But his readers ought to wish that he had gone much further. The book has one considerable merit: it makes you think; and for that very reason you realize that he stops short of one of the biggest issues immanent in human nature, at any rate since culture became self-conscious. I mean, of course, the conviction that man is part of a cosmic scheme in which he is privileged to co-operate, and is to that extent the master of his fate and the captain of his soul. This conviction, or rather intimation, is always being questioned and then revindicated because it is rooted in the data supplied by the spirit; and the spirit has its philosophic rights no less than biological evidence has.

H. V. ROUTH.

American Diaries. An Annotated Bibliography of American Diaries written prior to the year 1861. Compiled by WILLIAM MATTHEWS with the assistance of ROY HARVEY PEARCE. [University of California Publications in English, Volume 16.] Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press. 1945. Pp. xiv+383. Cloth, \$4.00; paper \$3.50.

All diaries, however narrowly personal, may contain matter of general interest, and are all the more likely to do so if the diarist has come into touch with new surroundings and experiences. This is notably the case with the diaries of American settlers, pioneers, and travellers, as well as of many other residents in the early colonies and the later United States during the period covered by this bibliography. The number and variety of these make them particularly valuable to the historian on account of the details which they supply for tracing the material and cultural development of the country. The number indeed is so great that one cannot but marvel at the extent of the task which Mr. Matthews and his fellow-worker have accomplished in dealing only with those which have been printed either in whole or in part. On a rough estimate there are well over 2,000 entries in the 353 pages which the diaries occupy. A preface of six pages gives a clear

account of what the compiler has aimed at, and of the work done to produce this excellent result. To each entry is added a brief statement of the general nature of the diary and of any special feature, e.g. on p. 27 'Scouting diary, very brief notes of expedition to Salmon Falls River, Me.'; 'Military journal, at garrisons in Maine; notes of executive work in camp sickness, etc.'; 'Seaman's journal, . . . notes on personal affairs and adventures, by a sailor captured by pirates'. Such summaries become extremely interesting in the important periods of American history, e.g. on p. 178 'Military journals, August 1791-January 1795; expeditions of St. Clair and Wayne against Maumee Indians; marches, skirmishes, some notes on country-side and garrison life'; or on p. 180, 'St. Clair's campaign against north-western Indians . . . highly personal, with excellent details of deplorable moral and disciplinary state of the army'. To have examined each diary sufficiently to write these notes is no small achievement in addition to the labour of collecting and arranging the purely bibliographical details. By merely reading these brief summaries, in the order of date in which they stand, a fair idea can be gained of some aspects of American history and of the mine of information on various heads which they contain. In his preface Mr. Matthews remarks: 'In noting contents, I have usually indicated my own special interests in literature and language. . . . The frequent note, "interesting spellings", is intended to indicate a general linguistic significance, for informal spellings are often accompanied by informal locutions'. Thus the travel diary of Maj. Jacob Fowler of 1821-2 is rightly described as very interesting for spellings and language; there can be few narratives so interesting in so illiterate a form. The note 'some linguistic interest' is occasionally an under-statement, e.g. in the cases of Samuel Sewell and Nelson Kingsley; both of these have provided much useful material for *The Dictionary of American English*, as have also Uriah Brown and Lewis and Clarke, on whose language no comment is made.

The arrangement of the work by years prevents any classification of the diaries by their general or main contents, and the one thing which the volume lacks is a subject-index, which would make it possible readily to pursue any special line of research in these valuable sources.

W. A. CRAIGIE.

The Dynamics of Literature: By NATHAN COMFORT STARR. New York: Columbia University Press. 1945. Pp. xii+123. \$1.50.

Dr. Starr emphasizes that there is nothing new in the attempt to 'develop the faculty of making judgements about literature', which is the stated aim of his book. He does not claim to evolve any new critical theories, but rather to re-affirm the basic principles of the old, and their relation to life itself. He therefore presents, on the one hand, useful elementary instructions in the art of reading, and on the other, careful analysis of the principles of literary appreciation calculated to answer those who, like his own students, have always asked 'Why?' when assessing literary values. These principles are 're-affirmed', always with pleasant clarity, often with refreshing and suggestive interpretation, in the light of what proves to be the main thesis of the book: namely, that literature demands creative activity on the part of the reader as well as the writer; that 'fruitful reading depends upon re-creative association between reader and author through the directed activity of the intellect and imagination', that it is this which constitutes the 'dynamics of literature' in that it is 'motion as the result of force'.

The illustrative examples, ranging from *Beowulf* to Hemingway, are analysed in ruthless, sometimes laborious detail, but criticism of this method is anticipated and answered in the foreword. They are on the whole well-chosen, though it seems a mistake to illustrate Chaucer's handling of rhyme and couplet by a modernized translation rather than the original.

Some pronouncements provoke challenge: for example, the criticism that Sidney's image of Stella's eyes as 'shining twins' is 'clearly damaging' because it is 'so bizarre that the imagination finds nothing to work on after it has made the leap'. Surely, any imagination with the slightest acquaintance with Elizabethan image habits, works effortlessly and effectively upon the starry constellation of Gemini? Still more questionable is the statement that 'other mediums of artistic expression can help us in stimulating the imagination' and in particular that the film of *Wuthering Heights* did this by giving 'vivid pictorial equivalence to Emily Brontë's landscape'.

Such theories, however, are justifiable and bound to emerge if criticism is directed towards what might be called a democratization of literature, towards training the imagination of the reader rather than distilling and upholding the artistic values of the writer, which remain absolute and invariable.

MARJORIE NORTHEND.

SHORT NOTICE

The 'Types Approach' to Literature. By IRVIN EHRENPREIS. New York: King's Crown Press; London: Geoffrey Cumberlege. 1945. Pp. xvi + 154. \$2.25.

This examination of the habit of approaching the study of literature by way of the 'kinds' or 'types' is designed to introduce a series of studies to be published by the King's Crown Press (a division of the Columbia University Press) on critical approaches to the study of literature. The author's purpose is to revalue what in America is called 'the types approach' as a method of teaching. With this in view Dr. Ehrenpreis has written a history of the doctrine of the kinds, discussing all too briefly the pronouncements of critics before the time of Herder, but expounding in considerable detail the views of such men as Brunetière, Spingarn, and Babbitt and the methods of such teachers as Gayley and Bliss Perry. Some thirty pages are devoted to 'the types approach' as practised in American High Schools. Dr. Ehrenpreis's conclusion is that there's life in the old dog yet: a teacher may profitably 'avail students of the resources which this approach offers for comparing literary materials of varying periods, places, and authors', 'demonstrate . . . the extensiveness of certain patterns, whether because of anthropological diffusion or because of the similarity of human behaviour under like conditions', show how 'certain types have become the traditional vehicles for certain moods', and 'take one culture at a time and see how its types reflect its ideals, traditions, routines, and artifacts'. We are told that 'Burke, Reichard, Kardiner, Jaeger, Müller-Freienfels are showing how the job can be done'.

JOHN BUTT.

A Concise Bibliography for Students of English: Systematically arranged. By ARTHUR G. KENNEDY. Stanford: Stanford University Press. (Second Edition.) 1945. 9s. 6d. net.

Only books dealing with general aspects of literature are listed; no works on individual authors are included. The choice of titles is eclectic, even somewhat capricious—for instance *The Seventeenth Century Background* is there, but not the corresponding volume on the eighteenth century—and revision has not been altogether accurate (this journal is assigned to the wrong publishers!). The compilation has been used as a textbook for the study of 'Bibliography and Method' and will probably be found more useful for teaching purposes than as a work for general reference.

NORMAN CALLAN.

SUMMARY OF PERIODICAL LITERATURE

BY KATHLEEN TILLOTSON

ANGLICA (Florence), Anno 1, No. 1, February 1946—

La critica Shakespeariana: sguardo d'insieme (N. Orsini), pp. 5-17.

COMPARATIVE LITERATURE STUDIES, Vols. 21-2, 1946—

The first translation of Molière in the world (André de Mandach), pp. 2-9.

The Playhouse to be let; date of 1662 suggested and D'Avenant's authorship disputed.

The influence of Edgar Allan Poe on Paul Valéry prior to 1900 (Rhys S. Jones), pp. 10-15.

ENGLISH STUDIES, Vol. 27, No. 4, August 1946—

Fantasy and prophecy in E. M. Forster's work (W. Gilomen), pp. 97-112.

The tempo of Shakespeare's speech (John W. Draper), pp. 116-20.

Evidence of 'slow speech' in parts attributed to Shakespeare as an actor.

— October 1946—

Intonation—word-order—provisional 'it' (Maria Schubiger), pp. 129-41.

Notes on Bang's edition of *The Blind Beggar of Bednal Green* (William Peery), pp. 152-5.

HUNTINGTON LIBRARY QUARTERLY, Vol. 9, No. 4, August 1946—

The art of Sir Thomas Wyatt (Hallett Smith), pp. 323-55.

Dickens and Mrs. Gaskell (Annette B. Hopkins), pp. 357-85.

Relations as editor and contributor; some unpublished letters of Dickens quoted.

Four letters of Hartley Coleridge (Earl Leslie Griggs), pp. 401-9.

Text of unpublished letters, with commentary.

William Wager and *The Trial of Treasure* (Leslie Mahin Oliver), pp. 419-29.
Arguments for authorship.

ITALIAN STUDIES, Vol. 3, Nos. 1-2, 1946—

A supplement to Toynbee's *Dante in English Literature* (F. P. Wilson), pp. 50-64.

Text of new allusions to Dante, 1519-1610, with commentary.

LIBRARY CHRONICLE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS, Vol. 2, No. 1, Spring 1946—

Jonathan Swift: a bicentennial exhibition (Autrey Nell Wiley), pp. 17-20.

A review of reviews, Part II (Fannie E. Ratchford), pp. 21-55.

Reply to comments in *Letters from Thomas J. Wise to John Henry Wrenn*.

(Part 1, see Vol. 1, No. 4.)

MODERN LANGUAGE REVIEW, Vol. 41, No. 4, July 1946—

The English prose style of Thomas Watson, Bishop of Lincoln, 1557
(Dom Hilary Steuert), pp. 225-36.

'With Sir John in it' (J. H. Walter), pp. 237-45.

Possible revisions in *Henry V*.

The character of Angelo in *Measure for Measure* (W. M. T. Dodds), pp. 246-55.

The 'rights of woman' in the age of reason (A. R. Humphrys), pp. 256-69.

Notes on Donne's verse letters (Helen L. Gardner), pp. 318-21.

— October 1946—

Venus and Adonis—and the boar (A. T. Hatto), pp. 353-61.

Trenck and Britain (John Hennig), pp. 393-407.

'Noreweie' and 'Galewei' in *The Owl and the Nightingale* (Raymond Chapman), pp. 408-9.

Reference to land of the dead.

Nathan Field's dates (William Peery), pp. 409-10.

Dr. Johnson's connection with mechanical spinning (G. de L. Mann), pp. 410-1.

See *M.L.R.*, January 1946.

Alas, poor Eliza! (Rufus D. S. Putney), pp. 411-3.

Arguments for identifying the lady of Sterne's 'epitaph' with Mrs. James rather than Mrs. Draper.

Notes on Keats's 'Eve of St. Agnes' (R. K. Gordon), pp. 413-9.

Parallels with Spenser, Shakespeare, and Scott.

NEOPHILOLOGUS, Vol. 30, No. 3, July 1946—

Daniel Defoe (Bonamy Dobree), pp. 97-106.

Riddle 9 (12) and Riddle 8 (10, 11) (A. E. H. Swaen), pp. 126-7.

NOTES AND QUERIES, Vol. 191, No. 3, August 10, 1946—

'Yorke in choller' and other unrecorded allusions to *Richard II* (Homer Nealing, Jun.), pp. 46-7.

From George Daniel's *Trinarchiordia*.

The Liver Sea (Malcolm Letts), pp. 47-9.

In Prester John's Letter.

Six confused exits and entrances in the plays of Nathan Field (William Peery), pp. 53-6.

Pride and Prejudice (H. W. Crundell), p. 65.

See *N. & Q.*, Vol. 180, pp. 379, 448. Earlier instance of phrase, 1610.

— August 24—

Harrison Ainsworth's use of John Elwes in *The Miser's Daughter* (Coleman O. Parsons), pp. 68-71.

Further note by F. H. Amphlett Micklewright, November 16, p. 217.

Letter to Archibald Constable (J. L. Weir), p. 78.

From Alexander Gibson Hunter, February 1812.

— September 7—

Difficult passages in the sonnets re-examined (Denys Bray), pp. 92-5.

See *N. & Q.*, May 18, Shakespeare's sonnets, nos. 81, 102, 106, 108, 122, 133, 136, 149

The Phoenix and the Turtle (Ranjee G. Shahani), pp. 99-101.

Concluded, September 21, pp. 120-3. Review of criticisms and new interpretation.

An early discussion of Poe (Olybrius), p. 102.

Johnson and Mrs. Montagu: two letters (Claude E. Jones), pp. 102-3.

Text of unpublished letters from Johnson and Mrs. Montagu to Herbert Croft.

— September 21—

Links with Shakespeare (H. E. Shield), pp. 112-4.

Particulars of persons connected with the Mountjoy case.

Goldsmith's *Natural History*—a plan (Claude E. Jones), pp. 116-8.

Text from *Critical Review*, 1774.

John Millington Synge in Czech translations (O. F. Babler), pp. 123-4.

— October 5—

The Ark on Mount Ararat (Malcolm Letts), pp. 140-1.

Comment on Mandeville.

'Bloody' (R. G. Howarth), p. 148.

Examples of intensive use earlier than those in *O.E.D.*

— October 19—

Words in *Lorna Doone* (W. W. Gill), pp. 156-9.

Additions to *O.E.D.* and *E.D.D.*

— November 2—

Charles Lamb of the India House (Samuel McKechnie), pp. 178-80.

Continued, November 16, pp. 204-6.

Kirke White's introduction to his poem on 'Time' (Thomas Ollive Mabbott), pp. 189-90.

Text of unpublished preface.

Petronius Arbiter and Elizabeth Barrett (Grover Smith), p. 190.

Parallel with first 'Sonnet from the Portuguese.'

 November 16—

Letters of Henry Kirke White (Thomas Ollive Mabbott), pp. 200-2.

Text of five letters not published by Southey.

Sir John Mandeville (Malcolm Letts), pp. 202-4.

The date of Donne's birth (W. Milgate), pp. 206-8.

Arguments for 22 January-12 February 1572.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY CHRONICLE, Vol. 6, No. 4, June 1945—

Charles Lamb's 'Companionship . . . in almost solitude' (Jeremiah Stanton Finch), pp. 179-99.

Particulars of the Lambs and Emma Isola at Islington and Enfield, from letters in the Scribner MS. collection. Unpublished letter from Henry James (1879?).

 April 1946—

The road to Concord: another milestone in the Whitman-Emerson friendship (Carlos Baker), pp. 100-17.

Includes text of newly discovered letter from Emerson.

RIVISTA DI LITTERATURA MODERNE (Florence), Anno 1—Fasc. 1, March 1946—

Adaptations sceniques de Shakespeare sur le continent (Paul van Tieghem), pp. 22-38.

Particulars of some eighteenth-century adaptations.

STUDIES IN PHILOLOGY, Vol. 43, No. 3, July 1946—

Changes of emphasis in linguistics: a comment (George L. Trager), pp. 461-4.

Reply to George S. Lane, *S.P.*, Vol. 42, pp. 465-83.

The epic in five acts (Richard H. Perkinson), pp. 465-81.

Origins of the five-part structure in some Renaissance epics.

The influence of Ben Jonson on Nathan Field (William Peery), pp. 482-97.

Argues that Jonson's influence has been exaggerated.

The Shelley Legend examined (Newman I. White), pp. 522-44.

On Robert Metcalf Smith, *The Shelley Legend*, 1945.

Hellas and Charles the First (Raymond D. Havens), pp. 545-50.

Stevenson's use of witchcraft in 'Thrawn Janet' (Coleman O. Parsons), pp. 551-71.

 October 1946—

The editions of Erasmus' *De Copia* (Herbert David Rix), pp. 595-618.

Enumeration of 180 editions, 1511-1824, with commentary.

The Elizabethan female worthies (Celeste Turner Wright), pp. 628-43.

The associationist criticism of Francis Hutcheson and David Hume (Martin Kallich), pp. 644-67.

Joseph Highmore's portrait of the Reverend Edward Young (T. C. Duncan Eaves), pp. 668-74.

History of the only authentic portrait of Young and its presentation to Samuel Richardson.

Is Coleridge indebted to Fielding? (Nettie S. Tillett), pp. 675-681.

Possible relation of *Biographia*, Chapters XIV and XXII, to *Tom Jones*, introduction to Book VIII.

Byron autograph letters in the Library of the University of Texas (T. G. Steffan), pp. 682-99.

Descriptive survey of 71 documents, about 45 of which are unpublished or not easily accessible.

TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT, August 3, 1946—

'Yes, by St. Patrick' (I. J. Semper), p. 367.

Hamlet and the Golden Legend.

— August 10—

Thackeray (Gordon N. Ray), p. 379.

See *T.L.S.*, July 27.

The Perjur'd Nun (W. W. Greg), p. 379.

Request for information on possible 1680 revival of Anthony Brewer's *The Lovesick King*.

— August 17—

Dickens and Owen Meredith (Frederick Page), p. 391.

— August 24—

The Prince in the tavern (Janet Spens), p. 403.

1 *Henry IV*, II, 4. See also letter from K. B. Danks, October 26.

— August 31—

A passage in *Hamlet* (Salvador de Madariaga), p. 415.

IV, 4, 23-30.

Lamb and Manning (Edith Christina Johnson), p. 415.

George Sandys (Arundel Esdaile), p. 415.

Request for MS. material.

— September 7—

H. Granville-Barker (G. Bernard Shaw), p. 427.

— September 14—

Boswell's editors (R. W. Chapman), p. 439.

Shakespeare's angels (G. Wilson Knight), p. 439.

See also letter from Evan John, October 19; G. Wilson Knight, October 26.

Edward FitzGerald (Peter de Polnay), p. 439.

Request for information.

— September 21 —

Doll Tearsheet (Roberta Florence Brinkley), p. 451.

Further letters, October 5, October 12.

Munchausen (John Carswell), p. 451.

Request for information on early editions.

British manuscripts in Russia (M. P. Alexeyev), p. 456.

— September 28 —

A passage in Bede's *History* (C. T. Onions), p. 465.

Mistranslations of IV, 24, corrected.

— October 5 —

Aguecake (R. F. Rattray), p. 479.

On Sir Andrew Aguecheeke's name. See also letters from W. W. Greg, October 12;
R. F. Rattray, October 19.

S. T. C.'s studies (Roberta Florence Brinkley), p. 479.

Request for annotated volumes.

— October 12 —

The Pamphleteers (Daniel Gibson), p. 493.

Request for information on Bernard Mandeville.

W. B. Yeats (Richard D. Ellmann); Jeremy Bentham (K. Stark), p. 493.

Requests for letters.

In defence of Leigh Hunt (Payson G. Gates), p. 500.

Wordsworth's 'Ode' (E. H. W. Meyerstein), p. 500.

Readings from the Longman MS.

— October 19 —

Charles Churchill (Douglas Grant); George Gissing (James Paterson), p. 507.

Requests for letters.

— October 26 —

Oscar Wilde's birth (Thomas Olsen), p. 521.

1854 or 1856?

Eleanor Rumming (John H. Harvey), p. 521.

Reference to 'Alianora Romyng' in Court Roll of 1525.

Byrd's *Parthenia* (Edythe N. Backus, Lucyle Hook), p. 521.

Request for information on location of copies.

